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SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED AT THE OFFICE OF PUBLICATION, OPPOSITE CHEAPSIDE, NO. 177, MAIN STREET.

SIX MONTHS—ONE VOLUME, \$1.50; OR \$1.00 IN ADV'CE.

VOL. III.

BUFFALO, (N.Y.) WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1834.

No. 8.

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

THE BROKEN MINIATURE.

Two young officers belonging to the same regiment aspired to the hand of the same young lady. We will conceal their real names under those of Albert and Horace. Two youths more noble never saw the untarnished colors of their country wave over their heads, or took more undaunted hearts into the field or purer forms, or a more polished address, into the drawing-room.

Yet was there a marked difference in their characters, and each wore his virtues so becomingly, and one of them at least concealed his vices so becomingly also, that the maiden, who saw them both, was puzzled where to give the preference; and stood, as it were, between two flowers of very opposite colors and perfumes, and yet each of equal beauty.

Horace was the superior officer, was more commanding in his figure than, but not so beautiful in his features as, Albert. Horace was the more vivacious, but Albert spoke with more eloquence upon all subjects. If Horace made the most agreeable companion, Albert made the better friend. Horace did not claim the praise of being sentimental, nor Albert the fame of being jovial. Horace laughed the more with less wit, and Albert was the most witty with less laughter. Horace was the more nobly born, yet Albert had the better fortune, the mind that could acquire, and the circumspection that could preserve one.

Whom of the two did Matilda prefer? Yes, she had a secret, an undefined preference, yet did her inclinations walk so sisterly hand in hand with her duties, that her spotless mind could not divide them from each other. She talked the more of Horace, yet thought the more of Albert. As yet, neither of the aspirants had declared themselves. Sir Oliver, Matilda's father, soon put the matter to rest. He had his private and family reasons for wishing Horace to be the favored lover; but, as he by no means wished to lose to himself and to his daughter the valued friendship of a man of probity and of honor, he took a delicate method of letting Albert understand that every thing that he possessed, his grounds, his house, and all that belonged to them, were at his service. He excepted only his daughter.

When the two soldiers called, and they were in the habit of making their visits together, Sir Oliver had always some improvement to show Albert, some dog for him to admire, or some horse for him to try; and even in wet weather, there was never wanting a manuscript for him to decipher, so that he was sure to take him out of the room, or out of the house, and leave Horace alone with his daughter, uttering some disparaging remark in a jocular tone, to the effect that Horace was fit only to dance attendance upon the ladies.

Albert understood all this, and submitted. He did not strive to violate the rites of hospitality, to seduce the affections of the daughter, and outrage the feelings of the father. He was not one of those who would enter the temple of beauty, and under pretence of worshipping at the shrine, destroy it. A commonplace lover might have done so, but Albert had no commonplace mind. But did he not suffer? O! that he suffered, and suffered acutely, his altered looks, his heroic silence, and at times his forced gaiety, too plainly testified.

He kept his flame in the innermost recesses of his heart, like a lamp in a sepulcher, and which lighted up the ruins of his happiness alone.

To his daughter Sir Oliver spoke more explicitly. Her affections had not been engaged; and the slight preference that she began to feel stealing into her heart for Albert, had its nature changed at once. When she found that he could not approach her as a lover, she found to spring up for him in her bosom a regard as sisterly, and as ardent, as if the same cradle had rocked them both. She felt and her father knew, that Albert's was a character that must be loved, if not as a husband, as a brother.

The only point upon which Matilda differed with her father, was, as to the degree of encouragement that ought to be given to Horace.

"Let us, my dear father," she would intreatingly say, "be free, at least for one year. Let us, for that period, stand committed by no engagement; we are both young, myself extremely so. A peasant maiden would lay a longer probation upon her swain. Do but ask Albert if I am not in the right."

The appeal that she made to Albert, which ought to have assured her father of the purity of her sentiments, frightened him into a suspicion of a lurking affection having crept into her bosom.

Affairs were at this crisis when Napoleon returned from Elba, and burst like the demon of war, from a thunder cloud, upon the plains of France; and all the warlike and the valorous arose and walled her in with their veteran breasts. The returned hero lifted up his red right hand, and the united force of France rushed with him to battle.

The regiment of our rivals was ordered to Belgium. After many entreaties from her father, Matilda at length consented to sit for her miniature to an eminent artist; but upon the express stipulation, when it should be given to Horace, that they were still to hold themselves free. The miniature was finished, the resemblance excellent, and the exultation and rapture of Horace complete. He looked upon the possession of it, notwithstanding Matilda's stipulation, as an earnest of his happiness. He had the picture set most ostentatiously, in the finest jewels, and constantly wore it on his person; and his enemies say, that he showed it with more freedom than the delicacy of his situa-

tion, with respect to Matilda, should have warranted. Albert made no complaint. He acknowledged the merit of his rival eagerly, the more eagerly, as the rivalry was suspected. The scene must now change. The action at Quatre Bras has taken place. The principle body of the British troops are at Brussels, and the news of the rapid advance of the French is brought to Wellington; and the forces are, before the break of day, moving forward. But where is Horace? The column of troops to which he belongs is on the line of march, not Albert, and not he, is at its head. The enemy is in sight. Glory's sunbright face gleams in the front, whilst dishonor and infamy scowl in the rear. The orders to charge are given, and at the very moment that the battle is about to join, the foaming, jaded, breathless courier of Horace, strains forward as if with a last effort, and seems to have but just enough strength to wheel with his rider into his station. A faint huzza from the troop welcomed their leader. On, ye brave, on!

The edges of the battle join. The scream—the shout—the groan, and the volleying thunder of artillery, mingle in one deafening roar. The smoke clears away—the charge is over—the whirlwind has passed. Horace and Albert are both down, and the blood wells away from their wounds, and is drunk up by the thirsty soil.

But a few days after the eventful battle of Waterloo, Matilda and Sir Oliver were alone in the drawing-room. Sir Oliver had read to his daughter, who was sitting in breathless agitation, the details of the battle, and was now reading down slowly and silently the list of the dead and maimed.

"Can you, my dear girl" said he tremulously, "bear to hear very bad news?"

She could reply in no other way than by laying her head on her father's shoulder, and sobbing out the almost inaudible word—"read."

"Horace is mentioned as having been seen early in the action, badly wounded, and is returned missing."

"Horrible!" exclaimed the shuddering girl, and embraced her father more closely.

"And our poor friend, Albert, is dangerously wounded too," said the father.

Matilda made no reply, but as a mass of snow slips down from its supporting bank—as silently, as pure, and almost as cold, fell Matilda from her father's arms insensible upon the floor. Sir Oliver was not surprised, but much puzzled. He thought that she had felt quite enough for her lover, but too much for her friend.

A few days after, a Belgian officer was introduced by a mutual friend, and was received by Sir Oliver. As he had been present at the battle, he would not permit her grief to prevent her meeting him at her father's table. Immediately she entered the room, and started, and took every opportunity of gazing upon him silently, when he thought himself unobserved. At last he did so, so cautiously, and in a manner so particular, that when the servants had withdrawn, Sir Oliver asked him if he had ever seen his daughter before.

"Assuredly not, but most assuredly her resemblance," said he, and he immediately produced her miniature that Horace had obtained from his mistress.

The first impression of both father and daughter was, that Horace was no more, and that the token had been intrusted to the hands of the officer, by the dying lover; but he quickly undeceived them, by informing them that he was lying desperately, but not dangerously, wounded at a farm-house on the continent, and that in fact he had suffered a severe amputation.

"Then, in the name of all that is honorable, how came you by the miniature?" exclaimed Sir Oliver.

"O, he had lost it to a notorious sharper, at a gaming house at Brussels, on the eve of the battle, which sharper offered it to me, as he said that he supposed the gentleman from whom he won it would never come to repay the large sum of money for which it was left in pledge. Though I had no personal knowledge of Colonel Horace, yet, as I admired the painting, and saw that the jewels were worth more than the rascal asked for them, I purchased it, really with the hope of returning it to its first proprietor, if he should feel any value for it, either as a family picture, or as some other pledge of affection; but I have not yet had an opportunity of meeting with him."

"What an insult!" thought Sir Oliver.

"What an escape!" exclaimed Matilda, when the officer had finished his relation.

I need not say that Sir Oliver immediately re-purchased the picture, and that he had no further thoughts of marrying his daughter to a gamester.

Talking of miniatures, resumed the officer, "a very extraordinary occurrence has just taken place. A miniature has actually saved the life of a gallant young officer of the same regiment as Horace's, as fine a fellow as ever bestrode a charger."

"His name?" exclaimed Matilda and Sir Oliver together.

"Is Albert, and is the second in command; a high fellow that same Albert."

"Pray, sir, do me the favor to relate the particulars," said Sir Oliver; and Matilda looked gratefully at her father for the request.

"O, I do not know them minutely," said he, "but I believe it was simply that the picture served his bosom as a sort of breast-plate, and broke the force of a musket ball, but did not, however, prevent him from receiving a very smart wound. The thing was much talked of for a day or two, and some joking

took place on the subject; but when it was seen that these railings gave him more pain than the wound, the subject was dropped, and soon seemed to have been forgotten."

Shortly after the officer took his leave. The reflections of Matilda were bitter. Her miniature had been infamously lost, whilst the mistress of Albert, of that Albert whom she felt might, but for family pride, have been her lover, was, even in oligy, the guardian angel of a life she loved too well.

Months elapsed, and Horace did not appear. Sir Oliver wrote to him an indignant letter, and bade him consider all intercourse broken off for the future. He returned a melancholy answer, in which he pleaded guilty to the charge—spoke of the madness of intoxication, confessed that he was hopeless, and that he deserved to be so; in a word, his letter was so humble, so desponding, and so dispirited, that even the insulted Matilda was softened, and shed tears over his blighted hopes. And here, we must do Horace the justice to say, that the miniature was merely left in the hands of the winner, he being a stranger, as a deposit until the next morning, but which the next morning did not allow him to redeem, though it rent from him a limb, and left him as one dead upon the battle-field. Had he not gamed, his miniature would not have been lost to a sharper, the summons to march would have found him at his quarters, his harassed steed would not have failed him in the charge, and in all probability, his limb would have been saved, and his love been preserved.

A year had now elapsed, and at length Albert was announced. He had heard that all intimacy had been broken off between Horace and Matilda, but nothing more. The story of the lost miniature was confined to the few whom it concerned, and those few wished all memory of it to be buried in oblivion. Something like a hope had returned to Albert's bosom. He was graciously received by his father, and disdained by Matilda. She remembered 'the broken miniature,' and supposed him to have been long and ardently attached to another.

It was on a summer's evening, there was no other company, the sun was setting in glorious splendor. After dinner, Matilda had retired only to the window to enjoy, she said, that prospect that the drawing-room could not afford. She spoke truly, for Albert was not there. Her eyes were upon the declining sun, but her soul was still in the dining-room.

At length Sir Oliver and Albert arose from the table, and came and seated themselves near Matilda.

"Come, Albert, the story of the miniature," said Sir Oliver.

"What? fully, truly, and unreservedly," said Albert, looking anxiously at Matilda.

"Of course."

"Offence, or no offence," said Albert, with a look of arch meaning.

"Whom could the tale possibly offend?" said Sir Oliver.

"That I am yet to learn. Listen."

As far as regarded Matilda, the last word was wholly superfluous. She seemed to have lost every faculty but hearing. Albert in a low, yet hurried tone, commenced thus.

"I loved, but was not loved. I had a rival that was seductive. I saw he was preferred by the father, and not indifferent to the daughter. My love I could not—I would not attempt to conquer; but my actions, honor bade me control; and I obeyed. The friend was admitted where the lover would have been banished. My successful rival obtained the miniature of his mistress. O, then, then I envied, and, impelled by unconquerable passion, I obtained clandestinely from the artist a facsimile of that which I so much envied him. It was my heart's silent companion, and, when at last, duty called me away from the original, not often did I venture to gaze upon the resemblance. To prevent my secret being discovered by accident, I had the precious token enclosed in a double locket of gold, which opened by a secret spring, known only by myself and the maker."

"I gazed on the lovely features on the dawn of the battle day. I returned it to its resting place, and my heart throbbed proudly under its pressure. I was conscious that there I had a talisman, and, if ever I felt as heroes feel, it was then—it was then."

"On, I dashed through the roaring stream of slaughter. Sabres flashed over and around me—what cared I? I had this on my heart, and a brave man's sword in my hand—and come the worst, better I could not have died than on that noble field. The showers of fated balls hissed around me. What cared I? I looked around—to my fellow soldiers I trusted for victory, and my soul I trusted to God, and—shall I own it? for a few tears to my memory I trusted to the original of this, my bosom companion."

"She must have had a heart of ice, had she refused them," said Matilda, in a voice almost inaudible from emotion.

Albert bowed low and gratefully, and thus continued. "Whilst I was thus borne forward into the very centre of the struggle, a ball struck at my heart—but the guardian angel was there, and it was protected: the miniature, the double case, even my flesh were penetrated, and my blood soiled the image of that beauty for whose protection it would have joyed to flow. The shattered case, the broken, the blood-stained miniature are now dearer to me than ever, and so will remain until life shall desert me."

"May I look upon those happy features that have inspired and preserved a heart so noble?" said Matilda, in a low distinct voice, that seemed unnatural to her from the excess of

emotion. Albert dropped upon one knee before her, touched the spring, and placed the miniature in the trembling hand of Matilda. In an instant she recognized her own resemblance. She was above the affectation of a false modesty—her eyes filled with grateful tears—she kissed the encrusted painting, and sobbed aloud—“Albert, this shall never leave my bosom. O, my well—my long belovéd!”

In a moment she was in the arms of the happy soldier, whilst one hung over them with unspeakable rapture, bestowing that best boon upon a daughter’s love—“A father’s heart-felt blessing!”

THE DUTY OF A BACHELOR OF FORTY-FIVE.—You will naturally ask how man should enjoy the evening of life. Should he marry? By all means. It is the wisest thing he can do. But if he passes 45, he should make no unnecessary delay, for he is not far from being old enough. But at any age below 60 or perhaps 70, I think his wisest course is to marry. Let him rear a circle of tender and attached friends around him, who will serve him with affection, and whom he can love without fear. There is joy in respect paid to you by your countrymen: there is joy in the literary or warrior fame; but there is no earthly joy like that of a parent of a family.

[*Sermons by the Ettrick Shepherd.*]

BEETLES.—Accounts from Hungary state, that so prodigious a number of a species of beetle have this season been produced from the earth in that country as almost entirely to destroy the crops.

SOLITUDE SWEETENED.—Amid the unexampled pressure of boats, a cask of molasses lately discharged its sugary contents into the canal at Rochester. A facetious boat captain remarked that ‘this was what Senator Ewing would probably call *solitude sweetened.*’

[*Rochester D. Adv.*]

COMPENSATION FOR LOSSES.—A French author says: ‘When I lost my wife, every family in the town offered me another; but when I lost my horse, no one offered to make him good.’

GERMAN WOMEN.—The German women are much more engrossed by the cares of housekeeping than women of a similar rank of life in England. They carry this too far in many instances, as we do the opposite extreme. In England, with our false, conventional refinement, we attach an idea of vulgarity to certain cares and duties, in which there is nothing vulgar. To see the young and beautiful daughter of a lady of rank running about, busied in household matters, with the keys of the wine-cellar and the store-room suspended in her sash, would certainly surprise a young Englishwoman, who, meantime, is netting a *perse*, painting a rose, or warbling some ‘*Dolce mio Bene*,’ or ‘*Soavi Falpiti*,’ with the air of a nun at penance. The description of Werte’s Charlotte cutting bread and butter has been an eternal subject of laughter among the English, among whom fine sentiments must be garnished out with something finer than itself; and no princess can be suffered to go mad, or even to be in love, except in white satin. To any one who has lived in Germany, the union of sentiment and bread and butter, or of poetry with household cares, excites no laughter.

The wife of a state minister once excused herself from going with me to a picture gallery, because on that day she was obliged to reckon up the household bills; she was one of the most charming, truly elegant, and accomplished women I ever met with. At another time I remember that a very accomplished woman, who had herself figured in a court, could not do something or other—I forget what—because it was the ‘*grosse Wasche*,’ (the great wash,) an event, by the way, which I often found very mal-a-propos, and which never failed to turn a German household upside down. You must remember that I am not speaking of tradesmen and mechanics, but of people of my own, or even a superior rank of life. It is true I met with cases in which the women had, without necessity, sunk into mere domestic drudges—women whose souls were in the kitchen and their household stuff—whose talk was of dishes and of condiments—but then the same species of women in England would have been, instead of busy with the idea of being useful, frivolous and silly, without any idea at all.

I observed, and I verified my own observations by the information of some intelligent medical men, that there is less ill health among the superior rank of women in Germany than with us; all that class of disease which we call nervous, which in England have been increasing in such a fearful ratio, are far less prevalent; doubtless, because the habit of social life are more mutual. The use of noxious stimulants among the better class of women is almost unknown, and rare among the very lowest classes—world to Heaven we could say the same.

[*Mrs. Jameson.*]

ALEXANDER WILSON.—His attention was first turned to natural history in general as appears from a letter to a friend, in which he describes the state of his own apartment crowded with opossums, squirrels, snakes, lizards, and birds, in such numbers, that they gave it the appearance of Noah’s ark, though Noah had a wife in it, and was in that respect more favored than he. While others were busy in getting money, his heart was bent on gaining a familiarity with the works of nature. Though specimens did not come of their own accord to his ark as to that of the patriarch, he found that small donations, judiciously applied, had sufficient power to attract them, and he says, in proof of it, that one boy, knowing his taste, had brought him a whole basketful of crows. One little incident is so beautifully illustrative of his character, that it must be given in his own words. One of my boys caught a mouse in school a few days ago, and directly marched up to me with his prisoner. I set about drawing it that same evening; and, all the while, the pantings of its little heart showed, that it was in the most extreme agonies of fear. I had intended to kill it in order to fix it in the claws of a stuffed owl; but happening to spill a few drops of water where it was tied, it lapped it up with such earnestness of supplicating terror, as perfectly overcame me. I immediately untied it and restored it to life and liberty. The agonies of a prisoner at the stake, while the fire and instruments of

torture were preparing, could not be more severe than the sufferings of that poor mouse; and, insignificant as the object was, I felt at that moment the sweet sensations that mercy leaves on the mind, when she triumphs over cruelty. Doubtless there are readers who would laugh at such feelings, but if they will reflect they will see, that it is no subject of rejoicing, that they have not been created with minds and hearts, capable of sympathizing with such a man as Wilson

[*Sparks’ Biography.*]

POPULAR ERRORS IN MEDICINE.

BY AN EDINBURGH PHYSICIAN.

A very common practice in eating such fruit as cherries, is to swallow the stones, with the vague notion that these promote digestion. No error can be more fatally absurd. Many cases have occurred where such practices have been the cause of death, and that of a very excruciating nature. One instance is on record of a lady who died in great agony after years of suffering, and the cause was found to be several large balls found in the intestines, accumulated around clusters of cherry stones. The *brushes of gooseberries* are often swallowed with the idea that they prevent any bad effects from the fruit. On the contrary they are the most indigestible substance that can be swallowed, and pass the stomach without any change, although they cause excessive irritation, and not unfrequently inflammation in the bowels.

Many people put great faith in the wholesomeness of eating only of one dish at dinner. They suppose that the mixture of substances prevents easy digestion. They would not eat fish and flesh, fowl and beef, animal food and vegetables. This seems a plausible notion, but daily practice shows its utter absurdity. What dinner sits easier on the stomach than a slice of roast or boiled mutton, and carrots or turnips, and the indispensable potato? What man ever felt the worse for a cut of cod or turbot followed by a beef steak, or a slice of roast beef and pudding? In short, a variety of wholesome food does not seem incompatible at meals, if one do not eat too much; here the error lies.

It is a common practice with bathers, after having walked on a hot day to the water side, to sit on the cold damp rocks till they cool, before going into the water. This is quite erroneous. Never go into the water if over fatigued, and after profuse and long continued perspiration; but always prefer plunging in while warm, strong and vigorous, and even with the first drop of perspiration on your brow. There is no fear of sudden transitions from heat to cold being fatal. Many nations run from a hot bath, and plunge naked into the snow. What is to be feared is sudden cold after exhaustion of the body, and while the animal powers are not sufficient to produce a reaction or recovery of the animal heat.

There is a favorite fancy of rendering infants and further advancing children hardy and strong, by plunging them into cold water. This will certainly not prevent strong infants from growing stronger, but it will often do kill three children out of every five. Infants always thrive best with moderate warmth and a *minn warm bath*. The same rule applies to the clothing of infants and children. No child should have so light clothing as to make it feel the effects of cold; warm materials, loose and wide made clothing, and exercise are all indispensable for the health of his little limbs. Above all things, their heads should be kept cool, and the hair uncovered.

Many people so laud early rising, as would lead one to suppose that sleep was one of those *old English*, and bad practices, that the sooner the custom was established the better. Sleep is as necessary to man as food, and as some do with one third the food that others absolutely require, so five hour’s sleep is amply sufficient for one, while another requires seven or eight hours. Some men can not by any possibility sleep more than four or five hours in twenty-four; and, therefore, true to the inherent selfishness of human nature, abuse all who sleep longer. No man should be taunted for sleeping eight hours if he can.

Many people do not eat salt with their food, and the fair sex have a notion that this substance darkens the complexion. Salt seems essential for the health of every human being, more especially in moist climates such as ours. Without salt, the body becomes infected with intestinal worms. The case of a lady is mentioned in a medical journal, who had a natural antipathy to salt, and never used it in her food; the consequence was, she became dreadfully infected with these animals. A punishment once existed in Holland, by which criminals were denied the use of salt; the same consequence followed with these wretched beings. We rather think a prejudice exists with some of giving little or no salt to children. No practice can be more cruel or absurd.

USEFUL ADVICE.—Nothing can be more prejudicial to tender constitutions, studious contemplative persons, than lying long in bed after one is distinctly awake, or has slept a due and reasonable time; it necessarily thickens the juices, enervates the solids, and weakens the constitution. A free open air is a kind of cold bath, especially after rising out of a warm bed, consequently, makes the circulation brisker and more complete, and braces up the solids, while lying in bed dissolves and soaks in moisture. The erect posture, and the activity of walking, make the perspiration more plentiful, and the gross evacuation more readily thrown off. This is evident, from the appetite and hunger those that rise early feel, beyond that which they get by lying long in bed. Add to all these the influence of the fresh, benign, morning air, and the retreating of all the noxious damps and vapors of the night, together with the clouds and heaviness that are thrown upon the brain from sleep: and lastly, the cheerfulness and alacrity that is felt by the approach, or presence, of that glorious luminary the sun, which adds a new force to the heart and gives a spur to the lagged and jaded spirits. All nations and ages have agreed that the morning season is the proper time for speculative studies, and those employments that most require

the faculties or the mind. For then the stock of the spirits is undiminished, and in its greatest plenty; the head is clear and serene, the passions are quieted and forgot; the anxiety and inquietude that the digestion begets in the nervous system in most tender constitutions, and the hurry the spirits are under after the great meal, are settled and wrought off. I should advise, therefore, those who are of a weak, relaxed state of nerves, who are subject to hypochondriacal or hysterical disorders, whose professions lead them to use much of their intellectual faculties, or who would indulge speculative studies, to go to bed early and to rise betimes; to employ their morning hours in these exercises till eleven o’clock, then to take some agreeable breakfast of vegetable food; to go on with their studies or professions till three, four, or five, as their spirits will hold out, and then go and take their great meal of animal food; all the rest of the day, to throw off study and thought, divert themselves in some innocent amusement, with some gentle exercise; and as soon as the digestion is over, to retire and provide for going to bed, without any further supplies, except it be a glass of fresh water or warm sack whey. But the aged and sickly must go to bed and lie longer, because age and sickness break rest, and the stiffened and hard limbs of the ancient become more pliant and relaxed by much sleep, a supine posture, and the warmth of the bed. The valetudinary, the sedentary, and the studious should eat very light or no supper; if any, it ought to be vegetable food, neither ought they to go soon to bed after any supper whatsoever.

[*Practical Rules.*]

HIGH COLORING.—The following extract from an article in an English periodical, furnishes a forcible illustration of the fact that the morals and manners of a whole people may become deeply imbued with the pernicious character of the intoxicating drink in which they freely indulge:

“It is said that the men who work amongst indigo day after day, not only become all blue outside, but that the small particles of it, which they inhale and secrete in the stomach, soon so thoroughly affect the whole system that the very drops of perspiration exuded through the pores of the skin are almost as deeply colored as the indigo amongst which they labor. Something akin to this is produced by the use of ardent spirits on the human system, but far worse than this, because the indigo only affects the animal constitution, whilst alcohol destroys the powers of the mind, or directs their operation in a wrong channel, and is perhaps better illustrated by the effect of jaundice, which not only makes the individual under the disease appear yellow to others, but which makes every thing he looks upon appear yellow to himself. It is this jaundice pervading the body politic which is the most generally influential, and the most mischievous, both to individuals and society: and it is the master work of the great master of evil, in as far as regards the greatest happiness of man.

Resolution is omnipotent. Determine that you will do something. Aim at excellence and it will be attained,—this is the great secret of eminence. “I can not do it,” never accomplished any thing. “I will try,” has wrought wonders.

Flowers soon wither after plucking, chiefly because their moisture evaporates: and this cannot be effectually supplied by emersing the stem in water. Sprinkle them with water and cover them closely with a glass shade or vessel, and they will keep perfectly fresh several days.

THE MOCKING BIRD.—The following interesting particulars respecting this bird, are taken from the *Christian Secretary*, an excellent Baptist paper published in Hartford, Ct. They are contained in an Extract of a letter dated Greenborough, Alabama, May 10, 1834.

“Few things peculiar to our climate are more interesting than the mocking bird. This charming little creature is about the size of the cat-bird. Its color is brown. It shows some white as it flies. Neither its color nor its shape is calculated to excite particular interest. Its voice is so loud and clear, that it can be distinctly heard at the distance of two hundred yards.

It is rather shy, although it seems to prefer being near the habitation of man. It sings upon the high branches of a tree, frequently preferring the top of a dry one, on which it will sing for an hour, changing its position every few minutes, and frequently, if it be upon the top limb, it will rise perpendicularly five or six feet, and settle upon the same place, immediately resuming its song.

Our first knowledge of it is its song, at the time when birds are most numerous in the spring; and after rasing its young it disappears. Its power of melody is astonishing. It does not possess as some have supposed, merely a variety of notes; but provokingly exact, it mocks other birds. Its whole song is an endless variety of notes. It seems as if all the birds of the woods had assembled, to see which should be accounted the sweetest singer.

It seldom repeats the song of the same bird. It gives us the whole, or a part of it and then with but an instantaneous suspension of voice, it commences the song of another. I have in vain listened for 30 minutes to hear some two notes that were alike. Delighting in its mimic power, and in the wantonness of its music, it throws out the soft and harsh notes in quick succession, of all the forest. It de-

lights most in imitating the melodious birds; giving additional sweetness to their song, and throwing a hundred delicate notes, which we know we have heard, but we cannot tell when, or from what bird. We hear in quick succession, the thrush, the martin, the black-bird, the soft and harsh tones of the jay, the piping of the young chickens and turkeys, "and the shrill swallow's cry." It seems to delight in contrast. We hear the early note of the blue-bird followed by the autumnal whistle of the robin, the morning song of the lark by the whip-poor-will, and the sweet notes of the red bird give place to the murderous scream of the hawk.

While writing this, one is singing upon the top of the lightning rod. Mary Ann has gone into the porch with her toy-dog, hoping to make it imitate its barking, in which she frequently succeeds. It is now crying like a lost chicken, and now like a spring frog, now like a partridge, and now like a crow, now like a king-bird now like a yellow-hammer, and now like a sparrow-hawk. It frequently roosts in the cross-vine under the eaves of the house, and sings for hours during the night."

NATURAL CURIOSITY.—There is a menagerie at this time exhibiting in the Bowery, nearly opposite the Bowery theatre, which comprises, in its collection, several rare and curious animals. Among these is the singular quadruped known by the name of the Ant Bear, which has very recently been brought to this city from Porto Cabello, in the brig Splendid, Captain Clarke. This animal is well worth a visit from the curious. Its body is about as large as that of a middle sized dog, its nose is as long as his body, its tongue longer than its nose, and its tail is as long as both together, as indeed it has need to be, since the animal makes use of that appendage by way of blanket, and when it lies down covers itself completely over with its large and bushy tail.

[Evening Post.]

AFFECTION AND SAGACITY OF A DOG.—A bricklayer by the name of B. Riley, lately left Philadelphia and arrived at Cumberland, Md., where he was left at the stage house on the 16th ult. in consequence of being insane and subject to fits. A day or two afterwards he walked out, and no more was seen of him. On the sixth day after his disappearance it was observed that his dog, which had been absent during the same time, had returned. He was fed, and immediately left the house again, and returned in the evening. He was then fed a second time, and the persons present determined to follow him: the dog, upon discovering that they were following him, appeared to be much elated, prancing along before them until he came opposite where his master lay, when he immediately left the road, ran to him and barked!!!

MEETING BETWEEN THE LIVING AND DEAD.—In one of the mining districts of Hungary, there lately occurred an incident which, while it partakes largely of the romantic, is of most affecting interest, and altogether of most extraordinary and dramatic effect. In opening a communication between two mines, the corpse of a miner, apparently about 20 years of age, was found in a situation which indicated that he had perished by an accidental falling in of the roof of the mine. The body was in a state of softness and pliability, the features fresh and undistorted, and the whole body completely preserved, as is supposed, from the impregnation with the vitriolic water of the mine. When exposed to the air, the body became stiff; but the features and general air were not discomposed. The person of the deceased was not recognized by any one present; but an indistinct recollection of the accident by which the sufferer had been thus engulfed in the bowels of the earth more than half a century, was prolonged by tradition among the miners and country people. Farther inquiry was here dropped, and the necessary arrangements were made to inter the body with the customary rites of burial. At this moment, to the astonishment of all present, there suddenly appeared a decrepid old woman of the neighboring village, who, supported by crutches, had left her bed-ridden couch, to which infirmity had for some years confined her, and advanced to the scene, with the feelings of joy, of grief, and of anxiety, so intensely painted on her aged face, as to give her the appearance of an inspired person, and with an alacrity which seemed truly miraculous. The old woman gazed upon the corpse for an instant, and sweeping the long hair from its forehead in order to obtain a more perfect view of its features, her countenance became as it were supernaturally lighted up, and in the midst of piercing hysterical cries and sobs, she declared the body to be that of a young man to whom she had been engaged by the ties of mutual affection and the promise of marriage more than 60 years before. In the intervals of gushing floods of tears, and the fainting fits of her exhausted frame, she poured out thanks to Heaven that she had again beheld the object of her earliest affections, and declared that she could now descend to the tomb content. The powers of life were now prostrated by her agitated feelings and exertion, and she was borne homeward by the villagers, but ere she proceeded far from the object of her solicitude, she was in a state to join him. Her spirit, as if satisfied, had fled; and the affectionate pair, whom misfortune had rent asunder, were now hushed in one grave.

[Curiosities of Nature and Art.]

BALLOON ASCENSION.—The National Gazette thinks that the business of an aeronaut is not highly to be encouraged. The assemblage of great crowds for the gratification of an idle curiosity, may be attended with much real evil; while few of the aeronauts make, or are capable of making, scientific observations.

From the North American Magazine.

THE ART OF ELOQUENCE.—BY DR. BEASLEY.

[From Manuscript Letters.]

In our rising republic, as in the commonwealth of Greece and Rome, Eloquence is the great instrument by which you must raise yourself to eminence, and be able to render signal services to your country. Here a wide and fertile field is opened for cultivation, in which the harvest of true honor and glory is to be reaped. Lord Chesterfield, in those letters to his son which may be pronounced masterpieces of fine writing, but which, unfortunately, are every where soiled and polluted by profligacy of moral principle, and the most mischievous sentiments, is very earnest with him upon this topic. The misfortune in his lordship's case, however is, that the kind of oratory, which he recommends, was rather a florid declamation, than solid and useful eloquence. This is a great and fatal mistake, and any young man, who should model himself upon such maxims, would be sure, in the end, to reap the bitter fruits of disappointment and mortification. Shining talents in public debate may attract the vulgar astonishment and admiration, and perhaps, for a time delude even the more sensible and reflecting; but, be assured, they will never carry with them that prevailing force which solid sense, deep erudition, and genuine eloquence can communicate. There is too much good sense among mankind to be long imposed upon by the mere varnish of shining qualities or glittering attainments. Base metals may be made to glitter by polishing, and obtain a temporary currency, but ere long, the cheat will be detected, and their false value exposed. Let me, therefore, impress deeply upon your mind the important truth, that if you wish to attain the reputation of the real orator, and to sway the destinies of your country, you must lay the foundation of your future greatness in solid attainments and native wisdom. "Socrates," says Cicero, "dicer solebat, omnes in eo quod scirent, satis esse eloquentes." He will never become the really great man and able orator, who has not the living fountains of wisdom within himself; and does not sedulously replenish those fountains from the copious streams which flow from the thoughts of others. Chesterfield, in his argument with his son to cultivate rather qualities in speaking which people of fashion call shining, than those which dull fellows call solid, mentions some instances in which he himself, and others had succeeded in their addresses to Parliament, by well turned periods, and a graceful delivery, when they had but a slight knowledge of the subject; but could he point out a single instance in which any one obtained the highest reputation and influence in that deliberate body, without the most vigorous natural powers, and deep knowledge of the subjects discussed? Was there ever a man in which shallowness and imbecility were not soon detected? Mankind may often lend an attentive ear to a speaker, if he has an agreeable elocution, when his opinions have but little weight in their estimation. Men of great influence in any public body of ordinary intelligence, are those who have a fund of native good sense, who throw light upon the subjects they attempt to discuss, and lead on to their conclusions by irresistible arguments. Never did any man establish for himself a lasting reputation, either as a statesman or orator, except the very vulgar, whose good opinion is not worth enjoying, by a talent at florid declamation, or mere graces of delivery. The very case which Lord Chesterfield cites, in which he delivered a speech to the House of Peers, concerning the emendation of the Calendar, when he acknowledges that he spoke, like a parrot, what had been dictated by others, without a comprehension of the subject, militates against the precepts he is delivering to his son. He tells us that his own speech, being recommended by the graces of style and delivery, met with greater applause than that of Lord Macclesfield, on the same occasion, who thoroughly understood the subject and completely elucidated it, but who had not the advantage of an easy and graceful elocution. This impression may have been made upon the mind of his lordship by those flatterers who always surround the great man, and are ever ready to offer him the incense of adulation; but will any one believe, that the English House of Peers, on that occasion, must not have been swayed in their decision, by Lord Macclesfield, who is acknowledged to have been completely master of the point under discussion? I think scarcely any one will be disposed to doubt this.

I do not intend by these observations to undervalue the accomplishment of an agreeable and interesting delivery. The importance of this will be doubted by no one who has had any experience in public speaking. But I wish these advantages to be considered as greatly subordinate to good sense, just views, and solid arguments. The opinion of Demosthenes, when he remarked, that in public orations, delivery was the first, second, and third requisite, has been treated by some, as if it would, in his estimation, supersede the necessity of appropriate and solid matter. His own example, both in his preparatory toils, and in the force and pungency of his reasoning, completely refutes any such opinion. He made his way in reputation and influence, and triumphed over all opposition, by the immense force of his reason as well as by the vehemence and power of his delivery. There is much good sense couched in the uncout-

expression of Dr. Johnson: "he is an eloquent man, I consider, who can knock down my argument and put his own in its room." Let the orator take for his motto, not such a one as Chesterfield would prescribe, "the graces, the graces will accomplish everything;" but rather, that truth and right reason are mighty and will ultimately prevail. If sound sense be recommended by the graces, well and good; but these light divinities would make but a poor figure in our Legislative halls, if not led by Minerva, and sustained upon the arm of Mercury or Apollo.

But if I would lay the principle strong upon solid thought and deep insight into the subject, in the art of genuine oratory, I would by no means have you neglect to cultivate an easy, natural and graceful delivery. These external qualifications serve to recommend good sense to the attention and respect of others. Recollect when you arise to address others, that you do not rise to sing a tune or perform a recitative in a cadence or with accents and emphasis different from those which you use in ordinary conversation. Impress upon your mind the idea, that you are merely to talk naturally to them, to tell them something which you desire them to hear, or to enter into an interesting and agreeable conversation with them, using the natural tones of an earnest and elegant conversation. Be mild, calm and placid when the case requires it; earnest, vehement and passionate according to the nature of the sentiments you are expressing. Some speakers are uniformly cold and unimpassioned, whatever may be the subject they are discussing; others glowing and passionate throughout. These last utter the most indifferent sentiments with the same ardor and vehemence, with which they should deliver the most impassioned parts. They commence, advance, and conclude in the same uniform manner. This is as great a fault as hard and dry delivery. Let your warmth and vehemence spring spontaneously from your subject, and keep pace with the degree of interest which is felt in it. Let there be no storming, ranting, or raving in your manner. Even in the very storm and tempest of the passions, preserve a temperance that gives it smoothness. Fools are apt to confound ranting, roaring and foaming at the mouth, with the native expressions of genuine emotion. They excite only the pity and contempt of the wise, and as Cicero remarks, become insane amidst sane people. Good sense will preserve you from overstepping, in these particulars, the modesty of nature.

"Distrustful sense with modest caution speaks,
Still looks at home, and short excursions makes,
While rattling nonsense in full volleys breaks
And never shocked and never turned aside,
Breaks forth resistless in a thundering tide."

The young and inexperienced speaker should never make too bold attempts in the commencement of his career. As the unfeathered bird, in its attempts to fly, tries the strength of its pinions, in fluttering from limb to limb, before it makes its ascent in air; so, the juvenile speaker should be careful to make experiment of his power in humble endeavors, before he ventures upon more daring enterprises. Success in small matters will give him confidence and enable him to excel in greater. Above all things avoid an artificial and borrowed manner of speaking, let your mode of delivery, even if it be imperfect, be natural and characteristic. As man is an imitative animal, when young men make their first appearance in the public eye, they are to be excused if their natural modesty leads them, for a time, to take refuge in copying the model of some celebrated speaker whom they have heard and admired. If they have native genius, they will soon rid themselves of these trammels, and strike out a new track more suited to their character. If they be without natural parts, they will plod on to the end, in the dull and sluggish gait of servile imitators.

(To be Concluded.)

HYDROPHORIA.—(From a correspondent.)—As the principal cause of this distressing malady arises from thirst, persons keeping dogs should direct, especially as the dogdays are approaching, a sufficient supply of water for the poor animals. In referring to the melancholy case of Ellen Donovan, detailed in your paper on the 17th, and which was adverted to by Mr. Connelson of Frederic-place, in which he states the successful result of more than 200 cases which were cured "by cutting out the wounded parts and keeping them open, adopting means to keep up a discharge from the wound for five or six weeks," as many of our country readers cannot have immediate access to the London practitioners or London practice, I beg to inform you that the latter process is most simply effected by the insertion of a pea into the wound, and promoting a discharge by occasional applications of red precipitate or powdered cantharides.

[London paper.]

A servant girl a few days since, on leaving her place, was accosted by her master as to her reason for leaving; the girl replied. "Mistress is so quick tempered that I cannot live with her;" "why," said he, "you know that it is no sooner begun, than it is over!" "Yes, sir," said she, "and no sooner over than begun again."

We do not always know what we are saying; but we always know what we wish to say.

WORKS OF TASTE.

How nearly do the extremes of highly cultivated tastes, and those of unlettered, unsophisticated men result in their conclusions; or rather, how do opposite points often blend themselves with each other, and fasten on the mind the conviction, that an adherence to *nature*, in every production, constitutes excellence; and that every deviation from this grand principle fails in producing a true and felicitous effect.

In vain is the hand of cunning art exercised on the broad domains of him whose wealth is lavished in the arrogant endeavor to outvie nature. Long extended avenues may stretch themselves to the view. Trees may be planted in straight lines and at regular distances, pruned and clipped in imitation of cones and pyramids. Parterres may court the eye, with the seducing gaudy hues of the tulip, the crown imperial and all the aristocrat family of flowers, laid off in forms of mathematical precision. How different is the effect upon the heart of a grove, planted with trees of every variety, spreading far and wide their eccentric, shadowy luxuriance; unconfined by the restraining hand of the culturist. Shrubs and flowers mingling their clustering beauties, *Worlds of roses blushing as if fresh dropped from the hand of morning.* Vines clinging for support and shedding their fragrance around the rural cottage. A smiling and peaceful picture of art paying her tribute to nature.

The idea may perhaps be continued to infinity. In music, it may be considered a departure from modern taste, to admire any sounds but the labored compositions of the great masters; but does not a nicely attuned ear listen with more soul felt pleasure, to warbling, wild, birdlike notes, or the melting strains of simple plaintive melody?

Beauty of person, set off by the adscititious aid of imposing color and costume, and the brilliance of diamonds and pearls, seizes on the imagination, and dazzles into admiration; but let the astonished gazer walk away to a cool sequestered shade, and rest his eyes on fresh unadorned loveliness, and unconscious charming—is he not refreshed; is he not touched with *this* tribute to nature?

Mystery is a great distorer of truth, and it may be a subject of regret that it should anywhere exist. Disrobe science of the technicalities which so generally obscure her, and how beautifully would she smile out on an enlightened world, who are too frequently intimidated by her repulsive aspect, from an approach sufficiently near to contemplate her excellencies, and render them available to their capacities. Were words reduced to their plain meaning, and ideas in general conveyed with simplicity, their real elegance might be retained, and mankind be wiser and far happier.

In reading the works of the present day, we are compelled to condemn them in general, as trash and catch penny nonsense. It is true, Shakespeare lives over again in some of the productions of a modern popular writer. Genius, fire, and an intimate, though perhaps, too misanthropic knowledge of human nature, characterize them—and it is much to be regretted, that an infringement of the laws of delicacy too often sully a mind of such high origin.

Mrs. Hemans warbles her wild notes, and in touching strains, winds herself into the bosoms of all lovers of poetry. By her felicitous manner of infusing piety in most of her effusions, she pours a celestial elevation into them, making devotion sink into the mind in sweet melody. *Nature* is her guide, and leads her through her works to the contemplation of Heaven.

Here let me mention our own idolized Irving, whose vivid descriptions find their way to the heart, and there glow! And our happy Paulding, whose graphic talent, and laughter stirring drollery, combined with playful sarcasm, present themselves at the bare mention of his name. On taking up his writings, do we not feel as if an old friend and amusing companion had dropped in upon us, and wish they were extended, as we desire to prolong a most fascinating conversation?

And let me not here pass over the American novelist, whose lively original talent can create a world of life and interest in one little sequestered spot.

A few more may be said to come within the range of happy expression. A lambent flame warms the breasts of two wedded songsters and beams out in occasional flashes of true poetic genius. Hearts so twined, throb with a pulse that doubly flows.

A goodly number of writers have worked their way into the list of the standard novels. They rant and rave, and by great effort at originality, they impress the general reader as works of genius. They coin expressions out of their own disordered fancies and pass them off for genuine currency. With some of these Byron is the great model. Imitations of this style may be clearly selected in many of the popular writing that are now so eagerly devoured. The great aim seeming to be to excite, to stimulate, to arouse; as cayenne, mustard, and other stimulants are administered to the sated and morbid taste to create an artificial appetite.

Such men as Swift, Sterne, Shakespeare and Scott, live but once in themselves, though their shades are invoked, and by all the charms of enchantment, made to walk their

rounds again, by an imitation, which only proves more forcibly, the potent spells of these "great magicians," whose fires still animate the pages of copyists.

Ye spirits of Johnson, Addison, and Steele! could ye look down from your immortal homes and witness the maniac writings of the present day, how would ye sigh for the world's degeneracy. But *Tempora mutantur et nos illis mutamur.*

In the revolutions of taste, how, in the next century, may this rage for intensity, this perversion of language read? when, as may possibly be the case, a pure, chaste and classic style will have swept away all these innovations in the world of letters; when the engrafted licenses of expression will be pruned off, and the easy, smooth-flowing period will again assert its dignity; bearing along with it, the irresistible influence of a manner, which to please, must be simple and *natural.*

[Buffalo Republican.

LOVE—BY E. L. BULWER.

How bright and beautiful is love in its hour of purity and innocence—how mysteriously does it etherealize every feeling and concentrate every wild and bewildering impulse of the heart. Love, holy and mysterious love—it is the garland spring of life—the dream of the heart—the impassioned poetry of nature—its song is heard in the rude and unvisited solitude of the far forest, and the thronged haunts of busy life—it embellishes with its flames the unpretending cot of the peasant and the gorgeous palace of the monarch—flashes its holy gleam of light upon the mute page of the lonely wanderer—hovers about the imperiled bark of the storm beaten mariner; enfeebles the darkly bending wing of the muttering tempest, and imparts additional splendor to the beacon that burns "on the far distant shore."

Love! it is the mystic and unseen spell that harmonizes and "soothes unbidden" the wild rugged tendencies of human nature—that lingers about the sanctity of the domestic hearth; the worshipped deity of the penetralia, and unites in firmer union the affections of social and religious society, gathers verdant freshness around the guarded cradle of helpless infancy, and steals in moonlight darkness upon the yielding heart of despairing age—it hushes into reposing calmness the chafed and bruised and unresting spirit of sorrow, and bears it from the existing and anticipated evils of life, to its own bright and sheltering bower of repose—transforms into a generous devotion the exacting desires of vulgar interest and sordid avarice, and melts into a tearful compassion the ice of insensibility.

The image which holy and undecaying love has once portrayed on the deep shrank heart, will not vanish like lineaments which childhood's fingers in moments may have traced upon the sand—that image, again there unbroken—it will burn on undefaced in the heart, amid the quick rush of the winds and the warring of the tempest cloud—and when the wavering "star of our fate seems declining," the bowed and bewildered spirit, like the trembling dove of the patriarchs, will meet its home and its refuge in that hallored bane where love presides as high priestess of its sanctuary and consecrates to unbending truth the offered vows of her votaries.

DEATH AND BEAUTY.—BY G. D. PRENTICE.

I have seen the infant sinking down like a stricken flower, to the grave—the strong man fiercely breathing out his soul upon the field of battle—the miserable convict standing upon the scaffold, with a deep curse quivering on his lips—I have viewed Death in all his forms of darkness and vengeance, with a tearless eye—but I never could look on woman, young and lovely woman, fading away from the earth in beautiful and uncomplaining melancholy, without feeling the very fountains of life turn to tears and dust. Death is always terrible—but, when a form of angel beauty is passing off to the silent land of the sleepers, the heart feels, that something lovely is ceasing from existence, and broods with a sense of utter desolation, over the lonely thoughts, that come up like spectres from the grave, to haunt our midnight musings.

Two years ago, I took up my residence for a few weeks, in a country village in the eastern part of New England. Soon after my arrival, I became acquainted with a lovely girl, apparently about seventeen years of age. She had lost the idol of her pure heart's purest love, and the shadows of deep and holy memories were resting like the wing of death upon her brow. I first met her in the presence of the mirthful. She was indeed a creature to be worshipped—her brow was garlanded by the young year's sweetest flowers; her yellow locks were hanging beautifully and low upon her bosom—and she moved through the crowd with such a floating and unearthly grace, that the bewildered gazer almost looked to see her fade away into the air, like the creation of some pleasant dream. She seemed cheerful and even gay; yet I saw, that her gaiety was but the mockery of her feelings. She smiled, but there was something in her smile, which told that its mournful beauty was but the bright reflection of a tear—and her eyelids, at times, closed heavily down as if struggling to repress the tide of agony, that was bursting up from her heart's secret urn. She looked as if she could have left the scene of festivity, and gone out be-

neath the quiet stars, and laid her forehead down upon the fresh green earth, and poured out her stricken soul, gush after gush, till it mingled with the eternal fountain of life and purity.

Days and weeks passed on, and that sweet girl gave me her confidence, and I became to her as a brother. She was wasting away by disease. The smile upon her lip was fainter, the purple veins upon her cheek grew visible, and the cadences of her voice became daily more weak and tremulous. On a quiet evening in the depth of June, I wandered out with her in the open air. It was then that she first told me the tale of her passion, and of the blight that had come down like mildew upon her life. Love had been a portion of her existence. Its tendrils had been twined around her heart in its earliest years, and when they were rent away, they left a wound that flowed till all the springs of her soul were blood. "I am passing away," said she, "and it should be so. The winds have gone over my life and the bright buds of hope, and the sweet blossoms of passion are scattered down, and lie withering in the dust. And yet I cannot go down among the tombs without a tear. It is hard to take leave of the friends who love me, it is very hard to bid farewell to these dear scenes, with which I have held communion from childhood, and which from day to day have caught the color of my life and sympathised with its joys and sorrows. That little grove where I have so often strayed with my buried Love, and where, at times, even now, the sweet tones of his voice seem to come stealing around me until the whole air becomes one intense and mournful melody—that pensive star, which we used to watch in its early rising, and on which my fancy can still picture his form looking down upon me and beckoning me to his own bright home—every flower, and tree, and rivulet, on which the memory of our early love has set its undying seal, have become dear to me, and I cannot, without a sigh, close my eyes upon them forever."

I have lately heard, that the beautiful girl of whom I have spoken is dead. The close of her life was as calm as the falling of a quiet stream—gentle as the sinking of the breeze that lingers for a time around a bed of withered roses, and then dies "as 'twere from very sweetness."

It cannot be that earth is man's only abiding place. It cannot be, that our life is a bubble, cast up by the ocean of Eternity to float a moment upon the wave and then sink into darkness and nothingness. Else why is it that the aspirations which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts are forever wandering abroad unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and the cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth; and then pass off and leave us to muse upon their faded loveliness? Why is it, that the stars, which hold their festivals around the midnight throne, are set so far above the grasp of our limited faculties—for ever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And finally, why is it, that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in a cold and deathlike torrent upon our hearts? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades—where the stars will be spread out before us like the islands that slumber on the ocean—and where the beautiful beings, which here pass before us like visions, will stay in our presence for ever. Bright creature of my dreams! in that realm I shall see thee again. Even now thy lost image is sometimes with me. In the mysterious silence of midnight, when the streams are glowing in the light of the many stars, that image comes floating upon the beam, that lingers around my pillow, and stands before me in its pale, dim, loveliness, till its own quiet spirit sinks like a spell from heaven upon my thoughts, and the grief of years is turned to dreams of blessedness and peace.

A STANDARD RULE.—An officer and a lawyer talking of a disastrous battle, the former was lamenting the number of brave officers who fell on the occasion, when the lawyer observed, 'Those who live by the sword, die by the sword.' 'By a similar rule,' answered the officer, 'those who live by the law must die by the law.'

STRAW PAPER.—Some very successful attempts, it is said, have lately been made at the mills at Auderghem near Brussels, in the manufacture of paper from straw. Experiments of this kind have been frequent in England, though we believe no article from the material in question, has yet been produced of a sufficiently fine texture, for even the ordinary purposes of printing.

ECONOMY OF GILDING BUTTONS.—In 1818 the art of gilding buttons had arrived at such a degree of refinement in Birmingham, that three penny worth of gold was made to cover a gross of buttons; these were sold at a price proportionably low. The experiment has been tried to produce gilt buttons without any gold; but it was found not to answer, the manufacturer losing more in the construction than he saved in the material. [Lander's Cyclopaedia.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

A THRILLING INCIDENT.—A circumstance of intense interest occurred recently in the neighborhood of Laurel Hill, N. C. A son of Mr. Murdoch Gillis, we are informed, about 5 years old, wandered from his father's house on the morning of Wednesday week. The distressed parents with their immediate neighbors, instantly commenced a vigorous search for him, but without effect. On the succeeding Thursday and Friday the woods, including a section called Gum Swamp, was scoured to an extent of from 10 to 15 miles, by the whole neighborhood. Some traces of the little sufferer, were occasionally seen. The impression of his footsteps, broken bushes, where he had apparently endeavored to relieve his extreme hunger, by eating the green buds and twigs,—a half-demolished *May apple*, &c., with appearances of having soon disburdened his stomach of its nauseous contents, were the various means by which he was followed no less than three times across Gum Swamp run, passing over on logs not at all used for crossing, being dangerous and difficult of access: one person, in attempting to pass over one of these logs, fell into the water. Friday evening came—three days of unremitting exertions had passed, and the agonized parents had yet no tidings of their child! There remained now but little hope of finding him alive.

On Saturday morning the search was renewed with increased energy. Between two and three hundred persons had collected, many coming from 10 to 15 miles. They were resolved to make one more faithful effort, to leave not a rod of ground untrdden, which promised the least hope of success. The exertions were continued with no better success, until nearly sunset on the evening of the fourth day of the child's wanderings. His father was the foremost to desry him in an old field, ten miles from home, and having walked probably not less than 25 miles, without a mouthful of food during the whole four days. His frame was so emaciated and weakened that he could scarcely drag his little limbs along; still he was walking on, looking for his father's house. Some one presented him a biscuit, which he devoured instantly, but it caused sickness and vomiting. The boy was conveyed home by his rejoicing parents, and, though very feeble, was doing well. [Cheraw Gaz.

ADDRESS TO LORD MULGRAVE FROM THE BRITISH ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.—A deputation from the Anti-Slavery Society waited on the Earl of Mulgrave, with an address expressive of the sentiments entertained by that society, of the services rendered to the cause of Negro freedom and improvement, by his lordship's execution of the important duties recently entrusted to him, as the governor of Jamaica. The deputation consisted of Lord Suffield, T. F. Buxton, esq. M. P., Messrs. W. Smith, Z. Macculey, R. Benson, Henry Waymouth, Robert Foster, Henry Pownall, Thomas Wilson, Thomas Fisher, L. C. Lencense, R. Matthews, J. Beldam, and Mr. Pringle, secretary of the society, together with Messrs. Beecham, Haslope, and Hooke, of the Wesleyan Missionary society, who accompanied the deputation. They were received by the Earl of Mulgrave, attended by Col. York, and Mr. Sheridan, his lordship's private secretary, at his apartments in the Clarendon Hotel, Bond-street. We subjoin an extract from his lordship's reply.

"One point, gentlemen, I am most anxious to press upon your attention—that you should on no account consider that your task is over. It will as yet require much watchfulness to secure the success of the mighty change. I speak to you now as an individual at present entirely unconnected with the government. I address a most important body, which has already done too much to leave any thing undone; but I cannot help advising you to keep your eye still upon all the parties whose co-operation is required. I would not, on any account, say one word which might keep up the prejudice against the planters; on the contrary, I feel bound most cordially to state, that the general feeling of the colony is immeasurably improved, that from a very large portion of the resident gentlemen I latterly received very effective assistance, but as long as the system lasts, there must be cruelty, founded on caprice. I much regretted that the power of arbitrary punishment was not at once taken away, for up to the last moment some instances occurred of its unwarrantable infliction. I always heard any complaint that was made to me—have known that the punishment was groundless, was excessive, but have been obliged to ask the fated question—Was the legal number of thirty-nine stripes exceeded? And, if the answer was doubtful, in consideration for the negro himself, to recommend patience and abstinence from complaint. From the inspection of the vast majority of properties which I made last Christmas, I should decidedly say, that if the negroes have fair play, little is to be feared from them. I ever found that when the circumstances of the change were explained to them, that they had hearts to feel, and gratitude and faculties to comprehend their future prospects; much will remain to be done in the way of assistance from home, to which, of course, you are directing your attention. I shall at all times be happy to communicate, either individually or collectively, upon any point on which

my local experience may be desired by the society. In conclusion I must again express my high gratification at this tribute of thanks from a body, which, upon this subject, is identified with the almost individual sentiments of the country. [London Paper.

EDUCATION.—The session of the American Institute closed on Tuesday the 26th. The lectures, this anniversary, have fully sustained the purposes of this laudable institution. There will probably be an official account of them; we beg leave to say a word on the lecture of the Hon. Judge Story.

It is a matter of astonishment, that it is only within some six or eight years in which the thought has been entertained of making political science a subject of attention in common schools. There was, probably, an apprehension that boys might become politicians and partisans before the proper time; and therefore they were to know nothing at all of the kind of government under which they live, until called on to perform all the duties of citizens. We were glad to hear from the able and learned lecturer on this occasion, not only a complete refutation of this opinion, but a most convincing argument that instruction in political science, was as necessary to youth as any other.

In showing the propriety and utility of such instruction, the lecturer went deeply and philosophically into the nature of social and political duties, every where, and, then, especially into those on which the welfare and happiness of American citizens depend. The extraordinary circumstances of the people of this country—the peculiar and complicated character of its government—the necessity of intelligence generally on this subject, to preserve civil liberty through a knowledge of the constitutions, and the design in establishing them, were clearly and happily illustrated.

On these premises he deduced the practicability, the utility, and the duty of instructing youth in the principles of free government, not to make zealous, determined, uncompromising partisans, but to prevent their becoming such, and to make of them good constitutional republicans.

It was, of course, expected of this lecturer that he would treat his subject with his well known ability. He did more. He presented many new and striking views of the subject even to those who were best informed. This interesting and instructive performance will give a great value to the volume of lectures. But it may not have in that mode of publication, the general circulation which it ought to have; and it is to be hoped that it will appear, not only in the volume, but in some unexpensive and convenient form for every one who desires to know what are the duties of every citizen in a republic. [Bost. Atlas.

A BURNING PRAIRIE.—An intelligent correspondent of the N. Y. American has been for some time furnishing letters for that paper descriptive of the "Far West." After mentioning the dangers which are not unfrequently encountered by travellers in their journeys across the prairies at the inclement season of the year, he gives the following vivid description of an extensive prairie of Lower Illinois, which was on fire on every side around him at the time he passed over it. The hour was near midnight, and the spectacle was magnificent beyond description. An illustration by Westall's pencil of the Rich Man in the Burning Lake, which I have seen somewhere, would give as near an idea of the scene as the painter's art could convey. In one place, the prairie presented exactly the appearance of a broad burning pool, in others the flames swelling up like seas of fire, rolling the liquid element in solid columns over the land, and then like the waves of the sea itself, when they break upon the shore, a thousand forked tongues of flame would project themselves far beyond the broken mass, and greedily lick up the dry alimento that lay before them. Our horses did not seem to mind the phenomenon at all, and we drove so near the fire as to feel the heat very sensibly. But though we probably incurred no danger, it was almost startling at times to see a wall of fire as high as our horses' ears, in some places, stretching along the road side, while the flames would shoot to the height of twenty feet or more, when a gust of wind would sweep the prairie.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The Irish Disturbances Bill was read a third time in the Commons, on the 26th July, passed and sent up to the Lords for concurrence.

FRANCE.—It has been rumored that on the accession of Marshal Gerard to the presidency of the council, the King would no longer assist at its meetings; but the French papers of Saturday state that the unconstitutional practice still exists. General Drouet d'Erlon had been appointed governor of the colony of Algiers. Some troops had been marched from Perpignan to the extreme frontier bordering on Spain. A Paris letter, dated July 26th, states that on the preceding day the French government had sent orders to the authorities of Havre to seize a vessel then in that port, laden with four thousand muskets and ammunition for Don Carlos, and which were intended to be landed on the east of Biscay. The *Temps* says, "The French Carlists, not content with openly expressing their wishes for the success of the expedition of Don Carlos, with augmenting the number of his bulletins, and rallying around him from all parts a numerous band of partisans, are going farther, and are

making considerable sacrifices of money, in order to assist him in his enterprise.

SPAIN.—The accounts from Spain are still vague and unsatisfactory. The *Journal de Paris* of the 25th says:—"Don Carlos continues retired in the mountains, studiously avoiding a descent into the plain, where Gen. Rodil wishes to draw him. No news of an engagement has yet been received. Letters received to day from Rodil announces that he has taken all necessary measures, and expresses a confident hope of success." Reports prevailed in Paris on the 24th, of important defections from the Queen's army in Navarre, and of the occupation of Vittoria by the troops of Don Carlos. Neither of these reports was credited on the 25th, although they had the effect of depressing the funds on the preceding day. It is stated in the Paris papers that some preparatory private meetings of the members of the new Cortes had already taken place in Madrid, at which were betrayed symptoms of ultra-liberalism. It was stated from Bayonne, that Gen. Rodil had laid a contribution of 25,000 dollars on the Chapter of Pampluna, arrested the Bishop of that town and carried him away with him. His troops still occupied Puente de la Reyna, Estella, and the neighborhood. On the 27th July telegraphic despatches had reached the French Government from Bayonne up to the 24th ult. They represented the relative positions of Gen. Rodil and Don Carlos in terms calculated to prepare one for the route of the Pretender. Rodil had caused Onate, Salvietta, and Alagna to be occupied, in consequence of Zumalacarreguy having fallen back on Alzazua. Don Carlos had retired to Elsiondo or Valcarlos, evidently with a design to secure his retreat into France. An Ad-de-Camp of Rodil, who had left him (Rodil) at Estella on the 20th, had arrived at Bayonne with despatches for Gen. Harispe. The French papers contain a decree of Don Carlos, and other matters connected with his proceedings in Spain; but his probable expulsion from thence deprive them of interest.

DISTURBANCES IN MADRID.—Frightful excesses have been committed by the populace at Madrid on the bursting forth of the cholera. As in Paris and elsewhere the first ravages made by the disorder were believed to be the effect of poison, and it having been suggested that the monks had poisoned the wells the mob broke into three convents, pillaged them, and massacred several of the monks. The Government had, however, directed vigorous measures against the offenders, and tranquillity had been restored and still reigned in Madrid, at the date of the last accounts (9th ult.) A great number of families had, however, fled from Madrid, and a panic prevailed throughout the entire of Castile. Some surprise is expressed that a telegraphic despatch, dated the 23d, did not reach Paris till the 25th, and from this circumstance it was surmised that the disturbances at Madrid was more serious than confessed. The Queen Regent was to open the Cortes in person.

DON MIGUEL.—This personage, it appears by a letter from Turin, has not yet resolved where he shall fix his abode. He seems, indeed, to wish to go to Vienna; but it is a question whether the Imperial Cabinet will like him to be there. If he does not receive a satisfactory answer to the application which he has made, he will go first to Pisa and afterwards to Rome.

BELGIUM.—King Leopold having notified his acceptance to the Spanish Government, the Queen Regent of Spain has, by a special decree with the Council of Ministers, recognised the Kingdom of Belgium, and appointed M. Chevalier P. d'Allemeira Ayaiz Charge d'Affaires at Brussels. M. D'Almeida Carett, the Portuguese Minister to Belgium arrived at Brussels on the 23d of July.

ANTWERP, July 24.—The ravelin which is about to be erected opposite to the Bastion of Toledo will be a remarkable work; it will fortify a part of the citadel, the weakness of which was shown in the last siege. This ravelin will cut the rampart of the Beguone gate, and will extend to the middle of the esplanade, which will be greatly diminished. The quantity of materials collected on the spot and the line of the works as marked out, indicate the importance of this undertaking.

HOLLAND.—The Hague, July 24. His Royal Highness the Prince of Orange has come from his head quarters to Seelsdyk to see his consort the Princess, on her return from Germany. The fine weather that we enjoy this summer is extremely favorable to the health of our soldiers, the number of sick being remarkably small. We hear that the general synod of the Reformed Church of this kingdom, noticed in its late meeting in this town, the many divergent and inconsistent religious opinions and notions which are preached in some parishes, and was induced to address a circular to the clergy, affectionately exhorting them to refrain, both in their public and private instructions, from every thing that might create a doubt of the purity of their faith and evangelic preaching, or even give occasion by their faults to bring discredit on the whole body of the reformed clergy, and cause them to be calumniated by evil-minded persons.

THE PIRATES.—The crew of the piratical schooner *Pinda*, which robbed the brig *Mexican* of Salem, on the high seas nearly two years since, whom we mentioned on Friday as having arrived at Salem, have been examined by the U. S. District Attorney, removed to jail in Boston, and are to receive trial in October. The prisoners are sixteen in number, and the captain of the *Pinda* is among them. Of the sixteen, fourteen were on board the *Pinda*, at the time the piracy was committed. The other two joined her on the coast of Africa. The prisoners are principally Spaniards, and belong to Havana—there are no Americans or English among them.

The robbery committed upon the *Mexican* was most audacious and cruel. She was bound to Rio Janeiro, and was plundered under Brazilian colors, on 26th September 1832, lat. 33, long. 34° 40', and robbed of \$20,000 in specie, the officers and crew stripped of every thing valuable, fastened below, and the vessel set on fire with the horrid intention of destroying her with all on board. Captain Botman and his men succeeded in getting on deck through the scuttle, which the pirates had left unsecured, extinguished the flames, and returned home.

The pirates were subsequently taken by the British, and have had an examination in England before the proper authorities, when five of them offered to turn King's evidence—two of whom were admitted to testify. They were fully committed, and the British government ordered them to this country for trial. They were on Friday landed in Salem, examined before Judge Davis, and ordered to take their trial in Boston.

The Boston Transcript says that the mate of the *Pinda*, (now in jail,) was owner of that vessel. His name is Bernardo de Soto. He informed Mr. Badlam, who acted as interpreter at the examination of the prisoners at Salem, that he was master of a vessel which made a voyage from Havana to Philadelphia in 1831, and was consigned to a respectable house there; on his return to Havana, he discovered the ship *Minerva* aground on one of the Bahama reefs; and on fire, the passengers and crew clinging to the masts and yards. He approached her, at a great danger to himself and vessel, and took off 72 persons, whom he carried in safety to Havana, and was afterwards presented, by the insurance offices at Philadelphia, with a silver vase, as a token of their approbation.

[N. Y. Transcript.]

HORRIBLE ACCIDENT.—We happened last evening, about sun-down, to witness one of the most shocking accidents we have ever seen. The occasion was this:—A grey squirrel had escaped from its cage and got upon one of the trees in the park. A great crowd of boys were attracted, and several climbed the tree to catch it. Upon this it leaped to the adjoining tree, and so on to the next, and baffled the efforts of the boys to take it. At last having got upon a sycamore tree opposite the park row house, a boy named Charles Morgan, fourteen years of age (son of Mr. Morgan of Bermondsey, England, now of No. 6 Ferry-street,) ascended the tree to catch it; the tree was close to the iron railing around the park, and the boy broke off one of the branches for a weapon, and treading on another, made a hit at the squirrel. The branch on which he stood gave way, and the appalling sight presented itself of the boy falling from a height of nearly forty feet, directly upon the spikes of the iron railing over which the tree hung. For one dreadful moment he was suspended in agony upon the sharp pickets, one of which entered beneath his chin, and came out under the eye; and another penetrated his temple. He was instantly taken off, and without speaking a word, expired in a few minutes after.

[Ib.]

AWFUL EFFECTS OF PASSION.—A woman aged thirty-six years, named Maria Tanner, living at the corner of Walnut and Cherry-streets, quarreled with another woman living in the same house, on Saturday, about some trifling affair; but ultimately became so enraged at the forbearance of her antagonist and worked herself into such a dreadful state of passion, that on stooping to seize a poker to strike the other woman, she was seized with a fit, and dropped dead on the spot.

[Ib.]

MECHANICS' CONVENTION.—The Mechanics' State Convention assembled at the Court House in this city, on Wednesday morning last, and organized by appointing Rudolph Snyder, esq. of Utica, president; Amos Baker, of New York, and Frederick Starr, of Rochester, vice presidents; and Robert Taylor, of New York, and R. Hogarth, of Monroe, secretaries. The convention continued in session until 4 o'clock on Thursday afternoon. The proceedings were characterized by great unanimity and harmony of feeling, and were unusually interesting. Several very able addresses were delivered which must have satisfied all who heard them, that talents are not confined to learned professions. The details and facts laid before the convention as to the ruinous effects produced on many branches of mechanics by the State Prison monopoly, and the distress and ruin brought upon those who have heretofore supported themselves respectably and comfortably by those occupations which now come in competition with state prison labor, were ably set forth.

An address and resolutions adopted by the convention were ably drawn up, and set forth their grievances, and their determination that those grievances shall be redressed, in firm but temperate language, evidently showing that the feeling which is now roused will not be suffered to languish until the object for which they assembled is attained. We regret that our limits will not permit us to notice the proceedings of this convention more at large, not only on account of the interest which they would excite, but because we believe that this is the commencement of a new era with the mechanics of our state, and that they are destined speedily to take a much more elevated rank in the community, than they have hitherto occupied.

[Oneida Gaz.]

DEATH BY HYDROPHOBIA.—A case of this dreadful malady occurred in this vicinity, a few days since. A person by the name of Reed, a sober, industrious farmer, residing within a mile and a half Germantown, was bit by his own dog, some five weeks ago, which sickened and died. As the dog was supposed, by many, not to be mad, no extraordinary means, we understand, were resorted to, to prepare the system against an attack of the disease. However, on Saturday last, while Mr. Reed was disposing of his marketing, in Philadelphia, the first symptoms of his awful condition were made apparent to him, by some persons

throwing a basin of water over the pavement. Finding himself to be unwell, and his illness increasing, he hurried home with all possible despatch, where the dreadful malady began to reveal itself in its worst form. Paroxysm succeeded paroxysm, with but slight intervals, until about four o'clock on Sunday afternoon, when, after suffering the most excruciating agony for nearly twenty-four hours, he expired. During the intervals of the fits he became quite collected, took the medicine offered him, and drank it himself. He readily recognized those of his acquaintances in the room—beckoned several to him, offered them his hand and bade them farewell. Like all other cases of hydrophobia, the mere mentioning of water, threw him into instant paroxysm, and the pump in the yard for this reason could not be used.

[Germantown Telegraph.]

COMMENCEMENT AT THE WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.—The commencement exercises at this institution were held at Middletown, Ct., on Wednesday last, and attended by a numerous concourse of the inhabitants in that city and of the adjacent towns. They are said to have been interesting, and to have reflected credit upon the authors, and the institution to which they belong. On the previous evening there was an exhibition of the Peithologian Society, which is also highly spoken of. The degree of bachelor of arts was conferred by the university on eight young gentlemen, viz: Aaron C. Bangs, William M. Burton, Fisher A. Foster, Ambrose P. Merrill, John W. Merrill, David Patten, Jr., Gardner Rice, Perlee B. Wilbre. The degree of A. M. was conferred on Harleigh H. Bulkley, John Swinburn, Principal of White Plains Academy, and Lieut. W. W. Mather of West Point. The degree of D. D. was conferred on Rev. Stephen Olin, President of Randolph Macon College, Virginia, and Rev. Jabez Bunting, of the Wesleyan Connection in England.

[N. Y. Com.]

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGES.—The annual commencement was held at Middlebury, Vermont, on the 20th ultimo. The performances of the graduates were highly commendable. Twenty-five young gentlemen received the degree of A. B. The honorary degree of M. D. was conferred on Doctor Isaac Southworth, of Lockport, N. Y. The degree of D. D. was conferred on the Rev. Stephen Olin, President of Randolph Macon College, Virginia; and that of L. L. D. on Hon. Chas. K. Williams, of Rutland, Chief Judge of the Supreme Court of Vermont.

[Ib.]

ERIE CANAL NAVIGATION SUSPENDED!—Among the strange occurrences of the day, we have to notice on Wednesday for the first time, since its completion, a total suspension of business on the canal at this place. Nor is the suspension of navigation more to be deprecated than the evil of low, and impure water at this season of the year is to be dreaded. And when we look to the causes that have produced this state of things, we are the more surprised that our citizens submit to it, as patiently as they do. We assert without fear or contradiction, that there exists no good cause, at this time, why boats should be aground, and that too for a number of days together. And this assertion is backed up by men whose experience is not to be brought into question, that to-day and for the last two months, since a deficiency in the canal has been felt, there has been no good reason why we should not call banks, and business going on as in years past. Years too, when greater droughts have prevailed than at this time, there was no difficulty in feeding the canal at this place from lake Erie, and we again assert, there is no reason why it cannot now be done.

[Rochester Democrat.]

SAVAGE DUEL.—We take, says the New York Courier and Enquirer, from the Lexington (Ky.) Observer and Reporter, the following account of the duel between Mr. McClung and Gen. Allen, of Missouri, a notice of which has already gone the rounds of the newspapers. It exhibits a savage ferocity and vindictiveness of spirit that can claim no affinity with the feeling, venial at least, if reprehensible, which has made the duel, among men of sensibility and honor, a resort in the case of injuries not contemplated by human laws, and incapable of being redressed by them. No good man can do otherwise than regret the existence of a state of society, in which an affair of this character is looked upon with complicity, or in which "public expectation" could be "on tiptoe" for a street assassination, and be "disappointed" that it did not take place.

Extract of a letter from a gentleman in Mississippi, to his friend in this city, dated, Mount Olympus, July 17.

A dreadful fight took place in Jackson on Monday evening. Alexander McClung, who is the strong friend of Gov. Runnels, not long since in a moment of excitement pronounced Gen. Allen (a lawyer of high standing) a coward and a scoundrel, and applied many other abusive epithets, which Allen having heard of, went to Jackson on Monday, to know if such was the fact and if he had any apology to offer. McClung replied that he had used the expressions alluded to, and would retract nothing nor offer any apology. They appeared in the street at the distance of a hundred yards apart, and each, considering it the duty of the other to attack, acted on the defensive. They were both well armed, and though public expectation was on tiptoe, it was disappointed, no attack was made by either. After this a verbal challenge passed from Allen to McClung to fight the same evening on the bank of Pearl river. They agreed to take four pistols each and a large knife, to commence walking up to each other, being placed eighty yards apart, and fire when they pleased; and in case neither of them should hit or kill with the pistols, to close in with their knives. They commenced walking very slowly, each with a large duelling pistol in his hand; they kept approaching slowly, until Allen said, "now sir we will see who the damned coward is." Mr. McClung replied—"damn you we will," and at the same time stopping still, raised his pistol, took deliberate aim at Allen and fired. Allen at the same time walking slowly and elevating his pistol as McClung fired. He sprang forward and fell prostrate on his face. McClung immediately drew another pistol and stood for a moment waiting to see if he would get up. But his fire had taken effect. He had two balls in the pistol, one of which took him in the mouth between the chin and lip, and the other on the side of the head. The distance between them at the time of the fire was thirty-four yards. Allen is since dead.

Respectfully yours.

FROM TEXAS.—Private letters state that the brig *Asia*, which sailed from the port of New York, on the 11th of May, with 117 emigrants, was wrecked on the island of St. Josephs, near Galveston Bay, on the 25th of July. The cargo and passengers were saved.

TURKEY.—Constantinople correspondents of the Morning Herald, states that the British fleet had left Smyrna, shortly before the 25th June, for Vourla, where it had been joined by two more ships of the line. It was rumored that it had since proceeded to Napoli di Romania. The plague was on the increase at Smyrna, which was probably the cause of the sudden departure of our fleet. We know, however, from other quarters, that the fleet had returned to Malta. Ametigi-Efendi, lately appointed Ambassador to Paris, was also to visit London, charged with a most important mission.

DEATH OF JUDGE PETERS.—The Hon. John Thompson Peters, late a Judge of the Supreme Court of the state of Connecticut, died on Thursday week, at his residence in Hartford, in the 70th year of his age.

ESCAPE OF A LION.—A few days ago when Howes' New York Menagerie was at the Chickopee Factory, Mass., one of the lions escaped from his cage. The pavilion had been erected and every thing was in readiness for the exhibition to commence. At this moment when only the attendants were present, they were terrified at the sight of one of the lions among them. The bars of his cage had inadvertently been left loose and he had liberated himself. Without moment's hesitation, the keeper, Mr. Whiting, approached him in a fearless and resolute manner, seized him by the throat, struck him violently with his whip and literally dragged him back into his cage.

FROM THE FAR WEST.—Not only Gen. Leavenworth, but Lieut. George W. McClure, of the Cavalry, has fallen victim to the bilious fever. The condition of the dragoons is said to be deplorable; the horses worn out, and 140 of the men on the sick list. Col. Dodge had pushed on with 350 men, and no intelligence had been received from him up to the 7th of July. A single officer, and five men carrying the coffin, constituted the whole funeral escort of General Leavenworth.

FROM BARBADOES.—A letter received at Alexandri, D. C. from Barbadoes, dated on the 14th ult. says:—"On the 1st inst. slavery in these colonies became extinct, and the new system commenced. Our negroes work as cheerfully, and are as quiet and submissive, as they ever were; from this we may infer that the measure will work well. There is every prospect of a good crop next year."

MORRISON'S PILLS.—A coroner's inquest was held last week, in the city of York, which continued for three days, and ended in the commitment for trial of a respectable shopkeeper there, on a charge of manslaughter, for having administered a certain medicine called "Morrison's Pills," to a young man in the city, who was sick of the small pox, and who died, as was alleged, in consequence of taking the said pills, which pills, it was also alleged, consisted of capo-aloes, gamboge, sulphate of potash, and gum galactum.

[London paper.]

GOLD.—Twelve hands employed in one of the mines in the Nacoochee valley, Georgia, lately obtained one thousand, one hundred and seventy-five pennyweights of gold in one day. The largest mass dug out weighed ninety-eight pennyweights.

REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF THE EFFECTS OF LIGHTNING.—During the thunder-storm of Tuesday, 12th ult., a flock of black-birds had taken refuge in a tree in Spencer, Mass., when the tree was struck by lightning and seventeen birds were killed. The tree was very little injured, the bark only being shivered.

HARVARD COMMENCEMENT.—The annual commencement of this institution took place on Wednesday, and the scholastic exercises are said to have been very creditable to the young gentlemen who participated in them. The bachelor's degree was conferred on thirty-seven out of fifty-four which composed the class. The remaining seventeen were either refused, or declined accepting them. Among the guests were Messrs. Ewing, Mangum and Tyler, of the senate of the United States. Seven honorary degrees were conferred, among which were that of LL. D. on his excellency governor Davis, the Hon. Edward Livingston, and Professor Greenleaf, and that of D. D. on the Rev. Francis Parkman, Henry Ware, Jr. and John Gorham Palfrey.

FIRE IN NEW YORK.—A great fire occurred last week in the city of New York, which destroyed buildings on Broadway, Howard, Mercer, and Grand sts., and among them the grate and fender factory of Althause & Co. the largest of the kind in the United States. The conflagration of the cabinet shop of Miller & Campbell, four stories high, and filled with furniture and materials, is said to have been a spectacle of extraordinary grandeur.

ANOTHER FIRE.—At eleven o'clock, last night, the Retort House, or oil-of-vitriol manufactory, a large brick edifice, belonging to the Chemical Manufacturing Company, near the corner of thirtieth street and Tenth avenue, was entirely destroyed by fire; with all its contents. It contained a great quantity of manufactured and unmanufactured materials, to what amount we do not know. It is said to have been uninsured. [N. Y. D. Adv.]

SOCIETY OF THE ALUMNI.—The graduates of Harvard University have agreed to form an association, and to raise a fund of \$100,000, "to aid in diminishing the academical expenses of the under-graduates—the sum to be raised by the centennial anniversary of the college in 1836." Judge Story is one of the principal promoters of this benevolent object.

DR. PORTER'S BEQUESTS.—The late President Porter, of the Theological Seminary, Andover, has bequeathed to the American Education Society, fifteen thousand dollars for permanent scholarships. It is also understood that he made bequests to the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, the American Bible Society, the American Tract Society, and the American Home Missionary Society.

Dreadful Accident.—Nine Lives Lost.—It falls to our lot, says the Middlebury Vt. Free Press, to record one of the most shocking accidents that ever occurred in this vicinity. A party of 11 persons undertook to cross Lake Champlain, opposite Addison, in this state, last Thursday, in a single boat, and having proceeded within about forty rods of the opposite shore, in consequence of the overloaded state of the boat, and there being considerable wind, the water began to drive into it, which caused those on board to swerve to the opposite side, when it filled and went down, and nine out of the eleven perished. The bodies had all been found except one last Friday night. The persons drowned were all inmates of two families. The names of those drowned were John Balch, Howard Pickett, Harvey Bloomsfield, John Anwell, Perry Van Wart, Eliza Morgan, Charlotte Derby, Hannah Eldridge, and a Miss Bales.

Lightning's Freaks.—A streak of lightning lately cut strange capers in Parkman, Ohio. It came down in the very midst of a party of ladies and gentlemen who were regaling themselves on watermelons; knocking the knives out of their hands, and shivering a chair on which one of them sat—but without doing any injury to their persons, except paralyzing them for a moment, and frightening them prodigiously.

Amherst College.—The commencement at Amherst College took place on Wednesday last, and we are informed that the exercises were of a high order. There is a prospect of a very full class for the ensuing year. The address pronounced by Julian C. Verplanck, of New York, before the Literary Societies on Tuesday, is said to have been a masterly effort of Genius and eloquence. This gentleman received the honorary degree of L. L. D.

Curious Fact in Natural History.—A snake nine inches in length, was found in the cellar of the Hon. David E. Evans of this village, suspended by the tail from a spider's web, shaped like an inverted pyramid. The reptile hung from the apex by a knot tied in its tail, and like another Gulliver, was 'being teased' and preyed upon by its Lilliputian enemies, the spiders. We profess to be able to see as far into a millstone as the most hawk-eyed of our learned Thebans, but we confess that we should be terribly puzzled were we to describe the precise process by which his snakeship was thus suspended in durance vile. [Batavia Adv.

Earthquake in Terra Firma.—The Port of Spain Gazette of the 8th ult. states that letters had been received from Columbia, stating that the town of Santa Martha (province of Terra Firma,) had been totally sunk by an earthquake.

Painful Accident.—A letter from a friend in New Haven, this morning, mentions a dreadful accident which happened last evening, between that city and Guilford. A gentleman and lady—Mr. and Mrs. Moses, of South Carolina—were in a chaise, on their way to Guilford, when the horse took fright and ran off at the top of his speed. The vehicle was overturned with such violence that Mr. Moses was instantaneously killed. Mrs. M. had an arm broken, and was otherwise severely injured. The accident took place in Branford, on the road to Guilford Point.

[N. Y. Commercial.

Death of Dr. Howard.—The death of our esteemed fellow-townsmen, Dr. William Howard, says the Baltimore Gazette, of Tuesday, which we announce to-day, will be generally regretted in this community. The extensive scientific acquirements of Dr. Howard had procured for him an important appointment under government, from which great public benefit was anticipated, and his sudden death will prove a serious loss to many other sections of the country as well as his native city.

Compliment.—The Emperor of Russia has, through the medium of Baron de Krudener, Minister Plenipotentiary at Washington, presented Joshua Shaw, esq., artist of Philadelphia, with five hundred dollars, for an improved percussion cannon lock, invented by Mr. Shaw.

Phi Beta Kappa of Yale College.—This Society at its anniversary on the 18th ult., appointed the Hon. John Sergeant and the Hon. John M. Clayton its orators for next year. The Rev. John Pierpont and the Hon. Leonard Bacon were at the same time appointed poets.

Massachusetts Rail-Roads.—The Providence Rail-Road is finished as far as Canton, fourteen miles from Boston, and the Worcester Rail-Road will be open to Hopperton in about a fortnight. Which will make the distance of twenty-four miles.

MARRIED:

In Marshall, Calhoun co. M. T. on the 26th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Pierce, Mr. Abner C. Parmelee, merchant of this city, to Miss Delia S. Hart, daughter of Dr. L. W. Hart, of the former place.

In this city, by the Rev. Mr. Martin, Mr. Mortimer F. Johnson, to Miss Louisa, daughter of Samuel Wilkeson, esq. all of Buffalo.

At Paris, France, on the 1st of July, 1834, in the House of His Excellency Edward Livingston, before Daniel Brent, esq., Consul of the United States of America, for Paris, by the Rev. George Lefevre, John Robert Poizat, esq. to Miss Louisa Cecilia Flour, both of Philadelphia.

At St. Mark's Church, Niagara, (U. C.) on Wednesday, 20th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Crean, John Cameron, esq. accountant, commercial bank; M. D. Kingston, to Miss Rosa Mary Rogers, only daughter of the late Anthony Rogers, esq. of London, England, and late of Schenectady N. Y.

DIED:

On Saturday evening last, of cholera, the Rev. W. J. Reese, Pastor of the Universalist church, in this city. On the following afternoon, the funeral was attended by the members of Mr. Reese's congregation, and by a large number of our most respectable citizens.

In Alden, on Saturday last, Mr. William L. Barstow, aged about 23; formerly of Concord, New Hampshire.

In Aurora, on the 15th ultimo, Amelia Ann, daughter of Mr. Thomas Thurston, in the 18th year of her age.

At East Aurora, of chronic diarrhoea, on the 29th ult. Henry Smith, only son of the Rev. J. H. Martyn, of this city.

In Springville, on the 20th ult. Mr. Augustus G. Elliott, merchant, aged 26.

In Lockport, Mr. Moses Wollerton, formerly of Worcester, Pa.

In Lockport, Mrs. Chapin, wife of Theodore H. Chapin, esq.

In Lockport, very suddenly, Mrs. Mary G. Marsh, wife of Mr. Caleb Marsh, aged 26.

At Madrid, on the 18th of July, of cholera, Mrs. Van Ness, the lady of the American Minister, the Hon. C. P. Vann Ness.

LITERARY INQUIRER, And Repertory of Literature, Science & General Intelligence.

EDITED BY W. VERRINDER.

BUFFALO, WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 10, 1834.

ADVERTISING SHEET.—For the accommodation of Merchants, Publishers, and the community in general, the proprietor of the Literary Inquirer will hereafter regularly issue a QUARTERLY EXTRA, exclusively for Advertisements and other notices which are inadmissible in the paper itself. This Advertising Sheet will be furnished (gratis) to UPWARDS OF A THOUSAND SUBSCRIBERS, and will likewise be POSTED in the principal Hotels, Reading Rooms, Post-Offices, Steamboats, &c. in Western New York and other parts of the United States, and in the Province of Upper Canada (where we have between two and three hundred subscribers). Those who advertise by the quarter, six months, or year, in the Buffalo Tri-Weekly Inquirer will have their advertisements inserted (gratis) in every number of the Literary Inquirer Extra. All others will be charged at the rate of one Dollar per square of ten lines for each insertion.

* * * Publishers of new Books and Literary or Scientific Periodicals, by sending copies of the same to the Editor, shall have their advertisements conspicuously inserted in the Literary Inquirer Extra, and their works occasionally noticed in the Buffalo Tri-Weekly and Li-

terary Inquirer.

THE first number of the Advertising Sheet will be issued in October next. All advertisements intended for that number must be forwarded to the publisher by the 10th of the month.

PROSPECTUS OF THE

BUFFALO TRI-WEEKLY INQUIRER.

On the second day of October next, the subscriber proposes to issue from the office of the Literary Inquirer, the first number of a tri-weekly paper, under the above title, to be published every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

The "BUFFALO TRI-WEEKLY INQUIRER," in addition to a choice selection of literary, scientific and humorous articles, from the latest and most approved native and foreign periodicals, will contain a compendium of general intelligence, taken from the New-York and other Daily Papers, &c. &c.

Each number will consist of four large quarto pages (of the same size as the New-York Mirror and the Buffalo Literary Inquirer,) and will be furnished in single numbers at Two Cents apiece; or to City Subscribers who have it left at their doors, & Country Subscribers who have it sent by mail, at the rate of Three Dollars per annum, payable in advance; Three Dollars and Fifty Cents, in six months; or Four Dollars, at the end of the year. No subscription will be considered in advance, unless paid at the time of subscribing.

The yearly numbers will form one handsome volume (to which a title page will be furnished gratis) of four equal quarterly parts, each of which will have a copious general index.

Approved Advertisements, by the year, half year, or quarter, will be inserted at the rate of Ten Dollars per annum, if under ten lines; Fifteen Dollars per annum, if above ten and under twenty lines; Twenty Dollars per annum, if above twenty and under thirty lines. All advertisements to be inserted for a less term than a quarter, will be charged at the rate of One Dollar a square, of fifteen lines, for three insertions.

Postmasters and others, procuring six responsible annual subscribers, shall receive for their trouble a copy of the paper for one year; and in the same proportion for all other subscribers they may obtain.

As two copies will be printed on one large sheet, two subscribers in the country may join and have it sent to one address, by which means the postage will be reduced one half. All letters must come free of postage, and be addressed to

W. VERRINDER, Proprietor,

Sept. 10, 1834.

177 Main Street, Buffalo.

* * * Editors of Newspapers, in Western New-York and at the different Ports on the Lake, by giving the above a few insertions, will entitle themselves to a free exchange.

BABAGE'S CALCULATING MACHINE.—Of this wonderful invention we some time since gave a brief account in the Literary Inquirer. We learn from the Journal of Belles Lettres, that Dr. Lardner devoted to its discussion an interesting lecture, lately delivered by him before the London Royal Institution. Dr. L. stated that the principle on which the machine was founded was one of a perfectly general nature, and that the machine was therefore applicable to numerical tables of every kind, and that it was capable not only of computing and printing with perfect accuracy an unlimited number of copies of every numerical table which has ever been hitherto wanted, but also it is demonstrable that it is capable of printing every table which can ever be required hereafter. It appears that the front elevation of the calculating machinery will present seven upright columns, each consisting of eighteen cages of wheel-work, the mechanism in each cage being identically the same, and consisting of two parts, one capable of transmitting addition from the left to the right, and the other capable of transmitting the process of carrying upwards; for it appears that all calculation is by this machinery reduced to the process of addition. There will, therefore, be one hundred and thirty-six repetitions of the same train of wheel-work, each acting upon the other, and the process of addition with which the pen would be going on

successively from figure to figure will here be performed simultaneously, and, as the mechanism cannot err, with unfailing accuracy. The results of this calculating mechanism are transferred by proper mechanical means to the printing machinery, and their types are moved by wheel-work, and brought successively into the proper position to leave their impressions on a plate of copper; this copper serves as a mould from which stereotyped plates without limit may be taken.

TEMPERANCE DISCOURSE.—We learn with pleasure, that the Rev. Robert J. Breckinridge lately delivered a discourse, which has been published, on "the immorality of the traffic, manufacture and use of ardent spirits as a drink; and the duty of christians with reference to the Temperance cause." The spirit displayed in this discourse, which was delivered in the city of Baltimore, is said to be bold and uncompromising, and the argument sound and cogent. We hope it will obtain an extensive circulation.

PRINTER'S MANUAL.—A New York paper states, that a brief practical treatise on the art of Printing, has been published in a convenient pocket volume, by M. A. N. Sherman. It is an abridgement, with improvements, of the old and excellent Printer's Guide, published several years ago by Mr. C. S. Van Winkle. It should be in the hands of every Journeyman and Apprentice. The price is only fifty cents bound.

LITERARY PREMIUMS.—We perceive that many of our contemporaries, in different parts of the country, are offering premiums for original communications. The editor of the New England Galaxy, published at Boston, Mass., offers fifty dollars for the best original tale; twenty-five, for the best original poem; and twenty-five for the best articles upon a humorous subject. The writers are at liberty to select their own scenes and characters; the publishers having decided not to confine them to any particular age or country. The manuscripts may be directed to the editor of the Galaxy, post paid, till the last of April, 1835, and the award will be made during the month of May following.

DAILY ADVERTISER.—We cordially unite in the following expressions of satisfaction at the recovery of the editor of the Daily Advertiser, and also in the accompanying commendation of that interesting and well conducted print:

We are glad to learn from the last Journal, that the health of its editor is so much restored as to permit him to resume the editorial chair. Mr. Roberts says that in a few days the publication of the Daily Advertiser (which was suspended on account of his illness) will be resumed. The Daily Advertiser * * * is an interesting and well conducted print; and we trust it will receive, as it merits, the support and patronage of men of all parties. Buffalo Republican.

Col. O. H. Dibble, of Evans, has received the appointment of Post Master for this city.

WEST INDIA ISLANDS.—We last week gave a brief account of some interesting services at the island of Bermuda, on the 1st of August, the day on which slavery was totally abolished in the British West India islands. We regret to learn that the intelligence from St. Kitts and Trinidad is not of so peaceful a character. In the former the marines of four ships of war, with the regulars, were called upon to quell the insurgent blacks; many of them were taken prisoners and whipped, some banished to the island of Bermuda, and others ordered for execution. We shall hear more of the progress of things hereafter. If Jamaica should exhibit the excellent example of Bermuda, the turbulence of the other islands will not amount to much. The military force will be able to preserve order.

A CONSCIENCE-WRECKED EDITOR.—The editor of the Buffalo Bulletin, in the last number of that print—(which "tells nothing but truth, recollect")—having nearly exhausted his well-stored vocabulary of abusive epithets, vulgar sarcasms, low and trite witicism, &c. &c., in the eagerness of his desire to heap upon the conductor of this journal the full measure of his mortification and spleen, so far forgets what is due to the patrons and respectable publishers of the Bulletin, as actually to confess that he was *insincere*—(or in other words, a perpetrator of a sort of "tickle me Billy" paragraph, *)—in the unsolicited commendation he recently bestowed upon the Literary Inquirer. The editor of the Bulletin may rest assured, that if he had himself possessed even "a *leettle* thimble half full of brains," he never would have made such an admission as this. But the readers of that paper will hereafter know what *implicit* confidence they may place in the literary notices of its "conscience-wrecked" editor. For ourselves, we here take leave of him, not, however, without venturing the opinion, that the instance he has mentioned is not the only one in which he has sadly "wrecked poor conscience."

* See No. 2 of the Buffalo Whig.

CHOLERA.—Our Board of Health, during the past week, have considered it advisable to resume their daily reports of the number of deaths from cholera, principally with a view to counteract the exaggerated and incorrect accounts which might otherwise go abroad. Number of deaths reported up to Sept. 2, 135; Wednesday, Sept. 3, 1; Thursday, 3; Friday, 6; Saturday, 9; Sunday, 3; Monday, 8; Tuesday, Sept. 9, 9; total number of deaths, 168.

ERIE COUNTY SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.

The annual meeting of the Erie Co. S. S. Union will be held at Boston Corners, on the last Tuesday of September, (the 20th inst.) The different schools in the county are requested to send in their reports to JAS. C. MEEKS, Cor. Sec.

Buffalo, Sept. 4.

POETRY.

For the Inquirer.

TO MISS E. M. B. ON HER BIRTH DAY.

Come to me, my lyre! beneath the cypress bough thou'rt hung
In shadowy gloom embosomed, all neglected and unstrung;
Eugenja smiling, bids me touch the trembling strings once more,
That long have slept in silent night, on Erie's ocean shore.
Bring roses wet with dew drops, from yonder clustering vine,
And let me with these darker leaves, their brighter beauties twine;
It should be something bright and free,
That is for thee.

That the chords that vibrate now so thrillingly to me,
And almost fright me back from the task set by thee;
Awaking thought's responsive, so all unlike the lay
That should so gaily sweep the strings on this thy natal day,
Could in their numbers pour along such magic melody,
As at once to soothe the breast of care, and 'wake to ecstasy,
That lightsome heart of thine.

But no, Eugenja, in the dawn of thy life's breezy day,
Though thy rising sun be cloudless, and ev'ry object lay
In the happy pathway, ting'd with the brightness of its ray;
The radiant beam is never bent on night around you laid,
But beside the gilded favorite, there ever rests a shade—
And often checker'd is the bower on which you would recline,
Like that destiny of thine.

And there are flow'rs that only open as the sun's beams are withdrawn,
Reserving all their beauties for the pale cold moon;
That will only send their sweetness on the chill night air—
The leaflet wet with dew, in its fragrance is most rare;
And an adverse gale will farthest bear the odor of the vine,
From that brow of thine.

The rill that murmurs past you so serenely clear to day,
Is not always unimpeded in its smooth and grassy way;
But often over rocks, and through the mountain glen must roam,
And toss high its foaming flood, as restless for a home,
O'er fern and feath'ry brake, till its waves again subside,
And the sky is seen reflected on its chry-stalline tide.
Thus is Heaven in its calmness im'ld on the life divine,
An i may such be thine.

Thou know'st the clouds of evening that thou'lt to look upon,
Are more touchingly serene than the glory that's withdrawn;
Ever varying in their forms, ever changeable in their hue,
Till their light and fleecy outline faintly melts from the view;
So pure and so ethereal, may thy chainless spirit rise
To a birth place in the skies.

Buffalo, August, 1834.

MISCELLANY.

LOVE AT ONE GLIMPSE.—Some years ago, there used to be pointed out, upon the streets of Glasgow, a man whose intellect had been unsettled upon a very strange account. When a youth, he had happened to pass a lady on a crowded thoroughfare—a lady whose extreme beauty, though dimmed by the intervention of a veil, and seen but a moment, made an indelible impression on his mind. This lovely vision shot rapidly past him, and was in an instant lost amidst the commonplace crowd through which it moved. He was so confounded by the tumult of his feelings, that he could not pursue, or even attempt to see it again. Yet he never afterwards forgot it.

With a mind full of distracting thoughts, and a heart filled alternately with gushes of pleasure and pain, the man slowly left the spot where he had remained for some minutes, as it were, thunderstruck. He soon after, without being aware of what he wished, or what he was doing, found himself again at the place. He came to the very spot where he had stood when the lady passed, mused for some time about it, went to a little distance, and then came up as he had come when he met the exquisite subject of his reverie—unconsciously deluding himself with the idea that this might recall her to the spot. She came not; he felt disappointed; he tried again; still she did not pass. He continued to traverse the place till evening, when the streets became deserted. By and bye, he was left altogether alone. He then saw that all his fond efforts were vain, and he left the silent, lonely street at midnight, with a soul as desolate as the gloomy terrace.

For weeks afterwards he was never out of the streets. He wandered hither and thither, often visiting the place where he had first seen the object of his abstracted thoughts, as if he considered that he had a better chance of seeing her there than any where else. He frequented every place of public amusement to which he could purchase admission; and he made the tour to all the churches. All was in vain. He never again placed his eyes on that angelic countenance. She was ever present to his mental optics, but she never appeared again in a tangible form. Without her essential presence, all the world beside was to him a blank—a wilderness.

Madness invariably takes possession of the mind that broods over much or over long upon some engrossing idea. So did it prove with this singular lover. He grew innocent, as the people of this country phrase it. His insanity, however, was little more than mere abstraction. The course of his mind was stopped at a particular point. After this he made no further progress in any intellectual attainment. He acquired no new ideas. His whole soul stood still. He was like a clock stopped at a particular hour, with some thing, too, about him, which, like the motionless indices of that machine pointing out the date of the interruption: as, for instance, he ever after wore a peculiarly long-backed and high-necked coat, as well as a neck-cloth of a particular spot, being the fashion of the year when he saw the lady. Indeed, he was a sort of living memorial of the dress, gait, and manners of a former day. It was evident that he clung with a degree of fondness to every thing which bore relation to the great incident of his life. Nor could he endure any thing that tended to cover up or screen from his recollection that glorious yet melancholy circumstance. He had the same feeling of veneration for that day, that circumstance, and for himself as he then existed, which caused the chivalrous lover of former times to preserve upon his lips, as long as he could, the imaginary delight which they had drawn from the touch of his mistress's hand.

When I last saw this unfortunate person, he was getting old, and seemed still more deranged than formerly. Every female whom he met on the street, especially if at all good looking, he gazed at with an inquiring, anxious expression; and when she had passed, he usually stood still a few moments, and mused, with his eyes cast upon the ground. It was remarkable that he gazed most anxiously upon women whose age and figures most nearly resembled those of his unknown mistress at the time he

had seen her, and that he did not appear to make any allowance for the years which had passed since his eyes met the vision. This was part of his madness. Strange power of love! Incomprehensible mechanism of the human heart!

[Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

DANCING.—"I am an old fellow," says Cowper, in one of his letters to Hurd, "but I had once my dancing days, as you have now; yet I could never find that I could learn half so much of a woman's character by dancing with her, as by conversing with her at home, where I could observe her behavior unobserved, at the table, at the fireside, and in all the trying circumstances of life. We are all good when we are pleased; but she is the good woman who wants no fiddle to sweeten her."

CONVERTING SEA WATER INTO FRESH.—Many attempts have hitherto been made to attain this most desirable object, all of which, either from complexity of arrangement, or costliness of apparatus, have failed of the intended effect. In a late English journal it is stated that Messrs. Wells and Westropp, patentees of the new method of converting sea water into a pure, palatable, and healthful liquid, have now however, succeeded beyond all expectation, in the construction of a simple and effective machine, by which cookery for a large ship's crew is carried on at the time it is producing eight or nine gallons of excellent pure water per hour.

[New Bedford Mercury.

FEMALE INDEPENDENCE.—A young lady named Miss Green, on the 4th of July last, delivered an oration in Augusta, Maine. She concluded her remarks in the following spirited strain:—

"If I shall have been so happy as to gain the approbation of those for whose sake I have so far departed from the strict limit which ancient prejudices have long prescribed to our sex, I shall be amply repaid for all the sneers of witlings and fools.—[Cheers.] I have only been desirous of winning the approved smile of the noble sex for my sentiments, not for myself, and I say unto you, lords of creation, as you call yourselves, if you doubt my sincerity—I proclaim it here in the face of all Augusta, now assembled around me, and you may believe me or not as you please—that there is no one among you, Tom, Dick, or Harry, that I would give a brass thimble to call 'husband' tomorrow! ! !"

TRUTH.—Truth alone may not constitute a great man, but it is the most important ingredient in a great character; it exalts and extends its own qualities, it gives confidence to those who serve under him, security to those that employ him—and, in the world at large, it inspires a solid and permanent admiration, which maintains, and at last surpasses and outlives, the enthusiasm excited by temporary success.

[Quarterly Review.

ASTRONOMY: AN EXAMPLE.—The encouragement of science in other countries often makes us blush for the parsimony of our own. The emperor of Russia has directed the erection of an observatory within six miles of St. Petersburg, and gives £10,000, for the purchase of instruments. The celebrated Struve of Dorpat is to be at the head of it; and is coming to England to examine and purchase instruments.

[London paper.

EQUALITY.—The laws respecting elections are in our opinion for the most part correct and well conceived. Those are admitted to the polls who have been for a stated time in this country and who have abjured their allegiance to the crown of any of the foreign states. They are then American citizens, and as such ought to be allowed to enjoy all the privileges which native born Americans have. There is no danger to be apprehended from this arrangement, because foreigners who have become Americans have the same interest in the country's welfare as others. They have property to be secured—rights to be defended, and families to support like others. Why should they not, like them, vote for those who will take care of their interests? It cannot be otherwise. When we come to that pass we cannot subsist as a government on our present system of election laws we had better give up the ship and upon its wrecks we may be drifted to a better port. In our opinion, the difficulty between foreigners and ourselves arises from our abuse of them. Witness, for example, our treatment of the Irish. If in Ireland they should treat us as we treat them here, we should indignantly fill our papers with denunciations of their meanness. N. Y. Transcript.

TIT FOR TAT.—I remember (says an old writer) once seeing a practical lesson of humanity given to a little chimney sweeper, which had, I dare say, a better effect than a volume of ethics. The young soot-merchant was seated upon an alehouse bench, and had in one hand his brush, and in the other a hot buttered roll; while exercising his white masticators, with a perseverance that evinced the highest gratification, he observed a dog lying on the ground near him. The reputation of 'poor fellow, poor fellow,' in a good natured tone, brought the quadruped from his resting place: he wagged his tail, looked up with an eye of humble entreaty, and in that universal language which all nations understand, asked for a morsel of bread. The sooty tyrant held his remnant of roll towards him, but on the dog gently offering to take it, struck him with his brush so violent a blow across the nose that it nearly broke the bone.

A gentleman who had been unperceived, a witness to the whole transaction, put a sixpence between his fingers and thumb, and beckoned this little monarch of May-day to an opposite door, the lad grinned at the silver, but on stretching out his hand to receive it, the teacher of humanity gave him such a rap on the knuckles with a cane, as made him ring his hand with pain, and tears running down his cheeks, he asked what it was for?—'To make you feel,' was the reply. 'How do you like a blow and a disappointment? The dog endured both! Had you given him a piece of bread, this sixpence should have been the reward; you gave him a blow, and therefore I will put the money in my pocket.'

ARGUMENT TO CLEAN THE TEETH.—To warn the young reader of cleanliness, a subject of two, which, if not very pleasant to discuss, may lead to effects important to future health. No

animalcule are found in the saliva, but numbers of different kinds may be discovered in the whitish matter sticking between the teeth; if it be picked out with a needle, or point of a tooth pick, and mixed with a little rain water, and applied before the microscope, numbers will be visible; sometimes, indeed, so very numerous and active that the whole mass appears alive. The largest sort, but few in number, move very swiftly; the second sort are more numerous and have different motions; the third kind are roundish, and so minute that a grain of coarse sand would equal a million of them in bulk! They move so swiftly, and in such multitudes, that they seem like swarms of gnats or flies. Some or all of these three kinds may be found in the matter taken from between the teeth of men, women, and children, especially from between the grinders, even though they wash their teeth with great care. But from the teeth of persons inattentive to cleanliness, the matter affords another sort of animalcule, in the shape of eels. [Shaw's Microscopic Objects.

MAN'S AFFECTIONS AND WOMAN'S LOVE.—How widely different in their demonstration and effect are a man's affections and a woman's love! With the one, passion is but a bright scene in the drama of existence; with the other, it is the plot, the interest, the drama itself. 'Love,' says a lively French author, 'is but an episode in the history of man's life;—pity is it that it should be so; for it is inscribed on every page in the heart—record of a woman; it is the spirit which pervades every line. When a female loves, her affection is absorbing, devoted, and exclusive; she 'lives and, moves, and has her being' but in one presence; gaiety loses its charms, fashion's spell ceases to be talismanic, she has no aim, no hope, no interest, save one—less than this suffices not to her generous, her self-sacrificing spirit.'

Different, far different are the effects of the same passion on a man: the very consciousness of being beloved makes him insensibly whimsical, arbitrary, and vain; he is happy beside his mistress, but he is also happy elsewhere; he can find pleasure in a ball-room or a hunting-field—and not unfrequently prefers incurring the risk of spraining his ankle in the one, or breaking his neck at the other, to spending those hours in gentleness and love beside the chosen one of his heart. It is true he tells her with a bland smile and a fond tone that he owes it to the world to mingle sometimes in its amusements; but would he admit the plea were the case reversed? Surely not. He would then discover that this clinging to the world's ways betokened coldness, indifference, and neglect. He becomes whimsical and fastidious in his ideas of dress, of manner, and of sentiment; and he does so to try how far his whim will regulate the bearing of his mistress: he sees his opinions and tastes rigidly complied with, for all things are as air in the balance of a woman when she loves, and he necessarily becomes vain of his own power. With him, love is a proud feeling; he is looked up to for applause, clung to for support—with her, it is exactly the reverse: she is loved the more for her helplessness, her timidity, and her weakness; in his love there is encouragement; in hers, confidence and admiration; and thus their feelings towards each other are as distant as though each was inspired by a different passion.

A man may love and be deceived—and depart, and forget, and love again: but woman's heart never entwines two idols: like the gumcistus, it knows but one sunrise of beauty. No woman ever becomes a systematic coquette until the red-hot iron of falsehood, or the icy bolt of neglect, has first passed over her own heart, and seared all its finer sympathies; it is folly to talk of a female who is a coquette by nature; do we ever meet with a mathematician by nature, or a born linguist? The heart ere it hath studied its part in the lessons of the world, hath but one form—speaks but one language. Man is a coquette by habit, by education, and above all, by fashion—coquetry in him is called by a gentler and a fonder name—usage de monde—gallantry—or at least, he is smiled upon with indulgent admiration as 'a sad flirt,' or 'an incorrigible dangler.' And yet, what is the sad flirt, or the incorrigible dangler, but a male coquette? a trader in false vows, and lip-deep professions—a trifler with hope, peace, and affection? Does he not know well, too well, that manner more than matter wins the heart of woman? Has he to learn that his low tones and soft glances awaken feelings in her breast, which a more indifferent accent and a colder look would have failed to create? No—he is aware of all this: and this man of gallantry, this courtly mannerist, is a speculative mental gladiator—a sentimental heart-felon, from whom there is no escape, and to whose venom there is no antidote. But once let a woman establish the same cold, calculating, spirit-war, she is directly denounced as a coquette; and every man who approaches her is as safe as though he were cased in a coat of mail.

It is an unequal venture at the best; for man's love is all sunshine, but many a cloud passes over the horizon of a woman's heart—his dream of passion is bowery and beautiful, but many a serpent is hidden beneath the roses of her ideal Eden.

"Man's love is of man's life, a thing apart,
'Tis woman's whole existence."

To him it is the plaything of joy and youth; but hers is a deeper, a more enduring love; it is the solace of days of sorrow, of age and of hopelessness; like the parasite which clings around the tottering column, it lends a beauty even to ruin, and delays the utter devastation which it helps so gracefully to hide. Sever the ivy at the root, and its branches will still cling, and germ, and flourish; meet type, even in this, of the love of woman—rob her of home, of country, of all which once made the charm of her existence, and while one bond yet links her to the object of her young affection, she will live on faithfully and fondly to the last.

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And Repertory of Literature, Science and General Intelligence,

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